This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

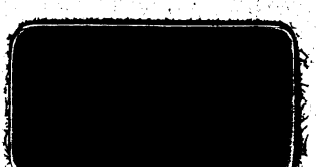
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

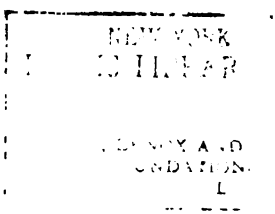
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`



1. Spiritualism
2. Poetry, American.



Yours for the Truth
Mattie E. Hull.

WAYSIDE JOTTINGS.

ESSAYS, SKETCHES, POEMS AND SONGS,

GATHERED FROM THE

HIGHWAYS, BY-WAYS AND HEDGES OF LIFE.

BY MATTIE E. HULL.

"Go and take the little book which is open in the hand of the angel."

STONEHAM, MASS.:
MOSES HULL & CO.
1897.

NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
989314A
BOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R L

COPYRIGHT
By MOSES HULL & CO
1888.

TO MY MOTHER, WHO BORE ME,

AND

FROM WHOSE LOVE-LIFE MY SOUL WAS MOULDED;

TO THE COMPANION WHO CAME IN MY RIPER YEARS,

AND

WHOSE LOVE AND DEVOTION HAS BEEN IN PART MY INSPIRATION;

TO THE MANY, WHO, THROUGH GOOD AND EVIL REPORT, HAVE PROVED LOYAL TO FRIENDSHIP,

AND

TO THE SPIRIT FRIENDS WHO HAVE HELD WATCH AND GUARD OVER ME,

IS

THIS VOLUME LOVINGLY DEDICATED.

WQR 19 FEB '36

MY BOOK.

My book; at last I give it to the world;
Full well I know its imperfections all,
But ev'ry page is of my love inspired.
Perhaps some of its simple rhymes may build
A hope and joy within a saddened heart,
Or flash a gleam across the dismal way,
Where tired feet wander over burning sands.

My Jottings are but thoughts on common things
Gathered at intervals on life's highway.
In many places my wand'ring feet have trod;
I've climbed the mountains and I've walked the vale,
Basked in the sunshine, groped 'neath shadows dim;
Have feasted in the halls of wealth and pride,
And broken bread within the humblest cot;
Have laughed with those who quaffed the cup of joy,
And shed my tears with sorrow's stricken ones;
From every scene I've borne some tender thought
And garnered it at will, so now it finds
A place within my book.

There have been times—they were delightful hours—

When my companion and myself have turned
Away from men, from books and household cares,
To listen to the spirit's inner voice.
And I have striven e'er to clothe the thought
That we have gathered on the sunbright shores
In garb most fitting for the outer world.
But I have failed, for neither tongue nor pen
Can speak or write, the language of the soul.

Many a page was once a sweet baptism,
That came amid the toil of some dark day;
And if within them there should prove to be
One sentence that inspires a nobler thought,
Or plants a hope in the despairing soul
Or kindles one emotion of sweet love,
Then glad I'll be my little book was born.

I do not claim my little book contains
The gems and jewels, heaven has given to me;
I only give to earth the weak refrain
Of music, that my inmost being holds;
Poems there are upon each page of Life,
Translated truly they can never be.
To thee, O world, I give my little book,
Nor do I offer it with trembling hand;
My friends, I trust, will faithfully commend,
Not what I did, but what I strove to do.

MATTIE E. HULL.

CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTION, By Moses Hull xii
The Spirit Land 19
The Rise, Progress and Mission of Spiritualism .. 21
My Weaving 35
Is the Prohibitory Measure a Reformatory One? . 37
Solitude 40
A Medium's Happiest Hour 41
Fireside Musings 42
A Question 47
The Blues 49
Nature's Temple 52
Women in Government 54
Give Me One View of the Beautiful City 59
In Memoriam 60
New Year's Eve.—Reveries 61
Go Forth 64
The Promise 65
Convictions 66
Wait 68
This "Land of Shadows" 69
"The Glorious Fourth" 71
After the Storm 73
A Beautiful Thought 74
Across the Way 76
To My Mother 78
The End 80
Birthday Meditations 82
A Beautiful Angel Comes to Me 85
Liberty, Equality, Fraternity 87
Love Missives 90
My Blessings 92
Boston's Revival 94
Inscribed to a Young Girl 97
Love Songs 99
Desolation 102
The New Kingdom 104

It was only one Word 107
Stray Thoughts 108
"Go into the Highways and Hedges." 110
Nothing to Do 112
By and Bye 214
Inscribed to My Mother 115
Grammar Lessons 117
Moody and Fallen Women 119
Who Cares? 123
A Prayer 124
Spiritualism 126
Portrait 134
His Shadow 135
The Old and the New 137
Family Meeting 139
Male and Female Prisons 144
At the Play 149
Questioning 151
Ourselves 152
I Am Watching O'er You, Mother 155
Spiritualists and Mediums 157
A Home Call 161
Give Us Light 162
My Box of Treasures 169
Science vs. Christianity 173
October 183
Sorrow 184
Plain Truths 185
Gloaming Fancies 188
If I Should Die 190
Thoughtlessness 191
Labor and Wait 192
Sculpturing 194
In the Past 195
We Heard The Angels 197
Down by the Sea 199
Death's Stream Bridged 201
Shout the Glorious Tidings 202
The Beautiful Land 203
Beautiful Shore 204
Invocation 205
Spirit Lights 206
Shall I Know Mine Own? 207

INTRODUCTION.

There are two things which, for sixteen years, Mrs. Hull has persistently urged that I must do; one is, I must write the introduction to her book. My slowness in promising this, and my dilatoriness in undertaking the task may have been one of the chief causes of several years' delay in its publication.

The second demand is that when she and her physical body part company, I must assist in forming the magnetic stair-way on which she is to ascend to "that better country," by making the last remarks ever made in the presence of her mortal remains. The former of these requests I am now attempting to gratify; the latter, I hope will be delayed long enough for her to lead many to the higher life, while yet in the world of flesh and blood. This oft repeated request I record here in order to save explanations on that occasion, should it come. The only ground on which I have any expectation of dodging the fulfillment of this request is that I may

"have finished my course" on earth before she reaches the end of her journey.

This book is peculiar, and written under peculiar circumstances. The author is a born medium. She seldom knows when she is going to write, or what will be written. Before she had ever heard of mediumship, she had what was called "the gift of making poetry." When a little girl, in school, she could almost at any time sit down and write a poetic composition; other girls, her seniors in age and in studies, would help her get her lessons as part pay for her writing their compositions.

At the early age of thirteen, she began to sit in private circles in a neighbor's house; at the second sitting, she was thrown into an unconscious trance, and talked to the people. This was kept up at intervals for nearly a year, when her father, Mr. Henry E. Browne, was induced to take her into the public as a phenomenon, and let people judge for themselves as to what this power was, and whence it came.

The Rev. Mr. O'Daniels, a Unitarian minister, of Athol, Mass., urged Mr. Browne to bring his "little girl" to his church, and he would announce her and take charge of the meeting. He had recently buried his wife, and other members of his family, and was anxious to know what had become of them. When the time came for the meeting,

the church was crowded with interested listeners and curiosity seekers. The reverend gentleman, after cautioning the little girl several times not to be frightened, and assuring her that nothing would harm her, opened the meeting by reading a hymn for the choir to sing, and prayer. By the time he was through Mattie was in an unconscious trance, and never awoke until after the audience had been dismissed.

Although she had been assisted to get upon a box which had been placed in the pulpit for her to stand on, so that her head would come up above the desk, in front of her, and had spoken an hour, she could not realize that she had been out of her seat. Reporters took down every word that had passed through the child's lips. Reading that and other discourses spoken by herself when in an unconscious trance made Mattie a Spiritualist.

At this time Mattie's school education was not finished; in the academy, after this, Spiritualism proved both an advantage and a disadvantage to her; for while her invisible teachers assisted her in getting all her lessons, the young ladies of the school, Mount Cæsar Seminary, as well as others, were almost constantly pleading with her to be entranced "just this one time."

For seven years after Mattie left school she lectured as an unconscious trance medium. After that

she gradually developed into consciousness, and from that into the inspirational phase, which she still has, to as great an extent as ever. Indeed, I may say that lately, a newer, better, and fresher inspiration comes to her than ever before. She seems not to depend on persons coming to her from the spirit side of life, but reaches out into the realm of the spiritual, at will. Her own spirit seems to make excursions into the world of spirituality, and to peruse the books, and gather for herself the wisdom therein contained. She is firmly convinced that a higher and more satisfactory phase of Spiritualism is awaiting those, who, instead of sitting down and asking and waiting for spirits to come, will move forward and take what is awaiting them.

I first met Mattie some eighteen years ago, since which time we have become somewhat intimate; and probably I know as much of the origin of the various essays and poems in this book as any one except herself can know. It is to give this that I am now writing.

In 1872 we became companions, as we believe—as we know—under the direction of the angel world, and in accordance with our own feelings, to remain companions during the time of their and our spirits' bidding; whether that should be for a day or for a thousand years. The ceremony which ratified our union was unique; we consulted neither the law nor

the gospel of man; yet when tested in the New Jersey courts, our worst enemies found it impossible to break the legality of the tie. The powers which at that time brought us together, as yet give no indication that our work for and with each other is ended.

"These were the times that tried men's souls." Through the deep waters of persecution and poverty we have walked together the sixteen years during which these essays and poems have been written. Indeed, many of them were born out of the darkest and deepest waters of adversity. It would take a book much larger than this to hold the history of some of them.

Once upon a time, we went to a New England village to hold a discussion; the opponent proved to be not able for the work he had undertaken. As the churches had boasted very loudly in advance, as to how Spiritualism was to be "used up," they were terribly chagrined and wrathy over their defeat. This culminated in a series of persecutions ending in an attempt on my life, which came near being successful. I was knocked down with a brick and supposed to be wounded beyond the possibility of recovery. In the midst of this darkness and turmoil, when we were without "purse or scrip," and with few friends, fighting, almost single handed and alone, several thousand foes in and out of the church, Mattie looked up, and stopped, for we were walking

at the time, and said: "A voice says: "There is light ahead.'" I said: "Yes, if light is anywhere it is surely ahead; it is not here." She immediately began to repeat:

> **"When the way seems dark and drear,**
> **And hours are filled with sorrow."**

The words and music both came at the same time. The music we have not been able to print.

Music is one of her special gifts; she frequently sits down at the organ and takes subjects from the audience and composes both words and music as fast as she can sing.

Many of the poems herein contained, were given in audiences, on subjects selected for her. On such occasions I have never known her to fail; Sometimes she repeats the poem as she hears it spoken; at other times she delivers it as she is impressed.

The jottings have been written at intervals, "as the spirit gave utterance." Not a moment's preparation was ever made for an article. When the spirit has said to her, "write," she has obeyed. On the cars, in meetings, at the wash-tub, or wherever she has chanced to be at the time the "fit" has taken her to write, she has written. This may partly account for the variety of subjects introduced, and the diversity in the mode of treatment.

Mrs. Hull grows more and more into the idea that there is nothing supernatural in Spiritualism—

that even here and now we are all spirits, as much as we ever will be; and that the true province of Spiritualism is not so much to call spirits from "the vasty deep," and interview them, as it is to teach us to circumnavigate and get acquainted with our own spiritual existence.

To this end she is now devoting much of her time. "Know thyself," is now her daily text; she is trying to make the remainder of her life expound its mysteries. She has seemed in a hurry to get this book before the world, partly for the good it may do, and partly because she has regarded it as, in a certain sense, her "last will and testament."

Now, she and I unitedly launch this little volume, hoping it may cheer the downcast; bind up the broken-hearted; comfort the mourner and beguile many a weary hour of the wayworn traveler. To this end, this book goes out, with our magnetism, our prayers and our blessings. MOSES HULL.

Des Moines, Iowa, Jan. 1, 1888.

THE SPIRIT LAND.

Of the spirit land all gleaming,
Mortals here are faintly dreaming
Nearer nearer is it seeming,
As we tread life's mazes o'er;
And the heart grows still and tender,
All the soul is filled with wonder
As our eyes behold the splendor,
When the angels ope the door.

Tossed upon Time's surging ocean,
When its waves were all commotion,
Oft we prayed in blind devotion,
That our God from Heaven's store,
Might commission some sweet angel,
To come down—our soul's evangel
Lifting from our hearts the shadow,
That seemed deepening, Evermore.

Faith was blind! our tears were falling
Deaf—we did not hear the calling
Of sweet voices 'mid the rolling
Of the breakers and the roar;

Lov'd ones all around us dying,
Stranded wrecks, life's vessels, lying,
Constantly our souls were crying,
Give me back mine own once more!

When it seemed that all was given,
That our lives had vainly striven
For one answering voice from Heaven.
And we sank heart-sick and sore;
Hovered loving ones around us,
Mid grief's bitterest waves they crown'd us
With a magic word they bound us,
To their soul-world, Evermore.

Oh, the spirit land so near us,
With its love and smiles to cheer us,
Ever lifting up the shadows
That so blinded us before;
May its angels—those who love us,
Seek in their *own* way to prove us,
Only keeping just above us,
With "hope's watchword, Evermore."

THE RISE, PROGRESS AND MISSION OF SPIRITUALISM.

Thirty-nine years ago we received the first tangible evidence of man's existence beyond the grave as presented by what is called Modern Spiritualism. The first manifestation on the phenomenal line was a rap. It came unheralded and unsought; no pulpit endorsed it; not a press could explain it. The instrumentalities through which the strange phenomenon was produced were two little girls not yet in their teens. Their parents were humble persons—church members. Not long after these peculiar vibrations had attracted the attention of a few persons outside the family, it was ascertained that the power behind them was an intelligent one, that it could not only produce sounds, but see and hear.

The claim was made that the manifestations were from a departed human spirit; that the raps were spirit raps. No sooner was this intelligence given to the world than committees were appointed to investigate by what means departed human spirits

produced these sounds. They were not long in forming their conclusions; and, being very wise men, they declared that the rapping was not caused by spirits at all, but by the toe-joints of little Margaret and Katie Fox.

It occurred to some sensible people that with all the toe-joints in the world, some one else ought to do as much as these little girls. Furthermore, suppose the girls had the power of cracking their toe-joints, as reported by the committee, how were they able to communicate names, dates and events? How did they know that a certain peddlar was killed and deposited in a cellar? Indeed, the little girls had very knowing toes, for such intelligence was given, and in the cellar designated, the remains of a human body were found. The report of the investigating committee was unsatisfactory and a second one was appointed. The second committee came out with a report that I might embody in two resolutions:

1. *Resolved*, That the first committee was mistaken.

2. *Resolved*, That the rappings are not occasioned by the toe-joints, but by the knee-joints.

The general opinion came to be, that the second committee was as badly deluded as the first had been. Converts were being rapidly made to the Spiritualistic theory; mediums were developed in a

great many places, and for a long time the only mode of communication with our spirit friends was through the rappings. But how thankful were the denizens of earth for this privilege. As the clouds lifted from one soul after another, as the scales fell now and then from a pair of eyes, how we learned to appreciate the blessed light that came in the philosophy of Spiritualism.

After the world had apparently settled down in a state of apathy on the subject, it was startled by another manifestation. A table moved without any visible agency. By and by other ponderous substances were moved in the same way. Of course, this gave rise to new discussions; self-appointed committees flocked to the rooms where these wonderful manifestations were obtained.

The phenomena was attributed to various causes. Some called the power an unknown psychic power, others electricity, and others *od-force;* while among the strictly orthodox people, Spiritualism was generally set down as the work of the devil.

Some of our opponents at the present time contend that the physical manifestations are produced by electricity, but we find that it is as difficult for them to define electricity as it is to define spirit. Electricity is a powerful agent; it not only carries messages from state to state, but its strong arm pulsates under the sea. A message sent to the old

world receives a response in a single hour through the mediumship of the cable, buried under the waves of the ocean. But mark you, there must be an operator at each end of the wire. How was the table made to weigh a certain number of pounds per request? How was it that any article of furniture in the room, without an intelligence back of the power moving it, could be made to change its position so many inches to the north, south, east or west?

These questions, together with the manifestations, interested a new class of minds on behalf of Spiritualism; mediums became numerous; circles were formed in nearly every community; many a home was baptized with the sweet ministry of angels; crude may have been the means employed in the early days of Spiritualism by the dear departed, but how many stones were rolled away from gloomy sepulchres; how many prison walls were scaled; how many bolts and bars of prejudice and opposition were broken, as the dear departed one after another bridged the silent river and returned to love and bless the stricken friends.

After awhile the Dial was introduced which was a machine arranged similar to the dial of a clock, with letters instead of figures and hands upon its face. In the center there was an index finger made of steel which was operated upon by the spiritual

and magnetic forces of the circle. The communications were obtained much more rapidly through the dial than by either rapping or tipping. This method of communication with the spirit-world was thought at one time to be almost a perfect one. No one had anticipated the psychometrical development and intuitive unfoldment that crowns our glorious philosophy at the present time.

As fast as mortals were ready to receive, the spirit friends revealed new truths and handed down spiritual gifts. On one occasion, while a few faithful investigators were seated around a table, a lady was seized with a peculiar sensation in the hand and arm. In a few moments it was completely paralyzed. At first, every person in the circle was frightened, but the message came through the table, "It is all right." In a few moments the lady commenced in a mechanical way to move her hand. Some one suggested that she be given a pencil; no sooner was it placed in her hand than she attempted to write; after numerous attempts, a few words were imperfectly written, but a name appeared which proved to be the signature of a dear, departed friend of a member of the circle. From that time on, communication after communication was given to persons in earth life, purporting to come from those on the other side, of whom the medium had no knowledge.

Thousands of diagnoses and as many medical prescriptions for the sick have been given through mechanical writing mediums. This phase of spiritual mediumship came to be more common than those heretofore developed. By this time the world was intensely agitated over these strange phenomena. The minister who thought he had met every fact up to this time, with Bible argument, went again to his study and searched the Scriptures in the vain endeavor to find some new explanation. The chemist, who was egotistical enough to think he had solved the problems of rapping and table-tipping, resorted to his laboratory to make new experiments. No sooner had the opponents come out with a new theory than the phase of entrancement was developed.

Personally, I have had, what seems to me, a remarkable mediumistic experience. I will not go into detail here. Suffice it to say, I was converted to a knowledge of Spiritualism through my own entrancements—by the reading of discourses given through my organism when I was in what seemed to me an unconscious condition. I commenced my public work in Spiritualism when thirteen years of age. During my first year's experience, many of my addresses were phonographically reported—I studied them after they were sent me by the reporters; these brought about my conversion.

I cannot take the time in this essay to enumerate the many phases of mediumship that have been developed within a quarter of a century. Probably no phase has ever engendered so much dissension as that of materialization. Psychometry is being developed rapidly among a certain class of mediums. This will undoubtedly prove one of the most useful among the many phases. In its development, lo! the hidden shall be revealed; the masks shall fall from our lives, and we shall be known as we are. Independent slate-writing is always satisfactory to an honest skeptic. The answering of sealed letters has done much to enlighten the world on these wonderful powers. The spirit communications received through the telegraph, while the instrument is secured in a box, is one of the latest developments in mediumship and is convincing.

No belief has ever made the progress that Spiritualism has in the same length of time. When we consider the thousands of homes that have been blessed by the loving ministrations of our philosophy; the souls that have been made to rejoice; the burdens that have been lifted; the paths that have been brightened, we must conclude that Spiritualism came to the world with a grand mission. When we consider the quality of many of the converts our cause has enlisted, we ought to feel that

we have a guarantee of future usefulness and success. The opponents of Spiritualism have frequently affirmed that the majority of men and women who become interested in our philosophy are persons of weak mental calibre. It may not be out of place to incorporate an extract from a carefully selected paper, written for and used at the anniversary celebration, held in Ottumwa, Iowa, March 31st, 1886, by Dr. Perry Engle, of Newton, Iowa. In answer to the question, "Who are Spiritualists?" he says:

Among eminent statesmen and philanthropists who were or are Spiritualists, we find Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Gerrett Smith, Parker Pillsbury, Geo. Thompson, Lord Brougham, Garibaldi, Victor Hugo, Abraham Lincoln, Andrew Johnson, Benjamin F. Wade, Henry Wilson, Joshua R. Giddings, old Robert Owen, Robert Dale Owen, Salmon P. Chase, N. P. Banks, Geo. W. Julian, Senator Howard, of Mich., Senator Harris, of Louisiana and Senator Stanford, of California.

Among the crowned heads and nobles, we find the late Emperor Alexander, of Russia, Emperor Louis Napolean, M. Thiers, ex-President of France, Queen Victoria, Baron Von Tchick, of Austria, Von Der Bink, of Holstein.

Among the eminent jurists, we find Judge John W. Edmunds, of the New York Supreme Court, Judge Lawrence and Judge Ladd.

Among the scientists, we find Alfred Russell Wallace, the naturalist, Cromwell F. Varley, the electrician, Hermann Goldsmith, the astronomer, William Crookes, the great chemist, Prof. F. Zollner, of Leipsic, author of "Transcendental Physics", Von Esenbeck, President of the Royal Academy of Sciences, Germany, Alexander Von Humboldt, Dr. Hoeffle, the encyclopedist, Prof. Worthen, State Geologist, Ill., Prof. Plumierian, Professor of Astronomy, Cambridge, Eng.,

Dr. J. L. Robertson, editor of the *Journal of Medical Science*, Eng.; Prof. Scheilbner, the world renowned teacher of mathematics in the University of Leipsic.

Are these men weak-minded, superstitious or bad?"

Among the noted physicians we find the following: Dr. J. M. Gully, England; Dr. Julius Franenstadt, Germany; Dr. Geo. Sexton, London; Dr. G. W. Langdon, Baden, Germany.

Among the distinguished literary and artistic celebrities we find Gerald Massey, Wm. and Mary Howitt, English poets; Jules Verne, the great French author; Robert Chambers, of *Chamber's Magazine;* Grace Greenwood; H. Kiddle, for many years Superintendent of the public schools of New York City; Rev. Dr. Eliakin Phelps; Bayard Taylor; Mr. Plympton, editor of the Cincinnati *Commercial;* Mr. Story, late editor of the Chicago *Times;* Don Piatt, editor of the Washington *Capital;* Dr. Kane, the Arctic explorer, husband of Margaret Fox, the first medium.

We might with propriety claim John Wesley, the founder of Methodism; Swedenborg, the philosopher and seer, and Jesus Christ, the teacher and healer.

Should Spiritualism and the world be ashamed of such a galaxy of bright intellects? Have we not given enough to show "who are Spiritualists?"

The writings of the best American and English poets teem with the inspiration that characterizes Spiritualism. The leading ideas are woven in hymn and song. Our beloved Longfellow wrote:

"When the hours of day are numbered
And the voices of the night,
Wake the holy soul that slumbered
To a holy calm delight;
Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door;
The beloved ones, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more."

He also wrote that "All houses wherein men have lived and died are haunted houses." Whit-

tier and Tennyson have written most beautifully the spiritualistic sentiments in their verses.

Spiritualism has captured many a pulpit. It found its way in our Nation's trying hour to the Executive Mansion. It has spoken to the Queen on her throne, while to millions of earth's sorrowing ones it has carried the consolation that no other religion ever possessed. On, on, its great tidal wave sweeps, bearing on its crested billows the reflection of heaven, bright with the sunny smiles and starry eyes of our loved ones.

Swing back, sweet spirits, the shadowy curtain,
That veils this world from the great beyond;
Show us the land across the dim waters,
Where all the loved we call dead are gone.

They may often speak yet we do not hear them,
Amid the harshness and the din;
They may bend so near, yet we cannot see them
When eyes with burning tears are dim.

Come to us, and whisper a tender message,
While our souls utter a silent prayer,
Aid us to know, O, spirit guardians,
Your love may seek us everywhere.

Concerning the mission of Spiritualism, we are fast learning that it means something more than to demonstrate immortality. Of course, the fundamental idea is that spirits can communicate with mortals. Spiritualism has come to make the

world better; to lead humanity to a purer life; to teach the science of reform; to introduce a revolution in the religious, political and social world. It teaches us that there is no positive evil, and none totally depraved; that the best people on earth under bad conditions will do bad things; that the worst people on earth under good conditions may do good things.

Spiritualism takes hold of the subtle forces of life. It speaks to the inner man or woman, revealing hitherto hidden laws. Under its administration we are learning that evil passions and wicked thoughts may wield a potent influence though never outwardly expressed. Sensitives suffer from psychological impressions, and there is not a day but that some poor soul is stricken down by rankling, contending influences from positive spirits in the body. People frequently get sick and cannot tell why; they suffer mental depressions, endure soul agonies and wearisome heart-aches, without divining the true cause. We are often thrown into morbid, inharmonious conditions, by coming in contact with antagonizing influences, no matter how silent they may be. We say it is wrong to kill; yes, and the time is coming when we will learn it is dangerous to *think* kill. The individual would be called a criminal who would drop a grain of poison in the glass of water he offered me to quench

my thirst, and, from a spiritual standpoint, the one who poisons my mental or soul atmosphere is as guilty of wrong. Insanity and death are frequently the result of soul poisoning.

I would impress my Christian friends with the idea that to be a Spiritualist in its grandest sense, requires all the courage and strength of the human soul. We believe in no scheme of salvation. Every man, woman and child must take the consequences of his or her own acts. We claim that every person's morality must be guaged by a test of their own honor, virtue and integrity. We believe that a fountain of inspiration is somewhere in the depths of every human soul. Do you ask what kind of a religion Spiritualism develops for humanity? I answer: It will be based upon the necessities of the hour.

Do not imagine that any sect, party, clique or ring can lay a track over which the car of progress is to run. No evangelical shrine can mortgage its free spirit. Its territory is an eminent domain and it will cleave the way in spite of organizations, parties and institutions which stand in the way of the development of the race.

Our opponents claim that Spiritualism desecrates homes and has no regard for the sacredness of the affections. Spiritualism never severed one chain that was forged in love. It never desecrated one

family altar where the fires of spiritual love were burning. I know of hundreds of homes that are brighter and happier to-day because of the ministrations of Spiritualism. There is no more precious relation on earth than that of true marriage. None so desecrating, so terrible as the false or inharmoious conjugal relation. True marriage means respect, equality and abiding, trusting love. In true marriage there is no dependence, but inter-dependence. In homes where such marriages obtain, the spirit of love finds pastime in toil, and delight in serving. Spiritualism rightly interpreted can desecrate no spot on earth, dishonor no love and crush out no impulse of goodness. It teaches men and women how to live; It crowns man with a noble fatherhood and woman with a sweeter, purer motherhood. It unfolds the law of generation and one part of its sublime mission shall be to teach the world how to beget, gestate and rear a better race of beings.

Spiritualism must elevate humanity because it is a living inspiration. The poorest teachers we have are those who go before the world in the name of religion with diplomas from theological institutions to preach to the people. They are compelled to go through a certain routine of study, which consumes from four to seven years. They have no time to acquaint themselves with vital issues. They

are so far from humanity they cannot hear its great heart beat, nor can they keep abreast of its solid columns which are marching onward to a better civilization. The world is pressing forward. It requires broad men and women—sun-crowned, and inspired with the genius of the living hour, to answer the needs of the people.

> "Out of the way ye priests, nor fling
> Your dark cold shadows on us longer."

The intelligence that comprehends the demands of the times, calls for a church as broad as the world; a creed as universal as man, and a belief in the eternal progress of every human soul. Nothing short of this can accomplish the mission of Spiritualism.

MY WEAVING.

I was weary of weaving on Time's old loom;
I had threaded my shuttle in cloud and gloom;
I looked at my web, it was so incomplete,
That I felt to throw it in dust at my feet.
The grey threads grew darker, each bright hue had
flown,
The warp was tear-moistened, and still I wove on.

The grating grew harsh with the flight of each hour,
The work was entangled; lower and lower
I bent o'er my weaving and still could not see
The shadings and hues that were given to me.
Till, discouraged, I paused, and sleep o'er me came,
And in dreams I heard some one calling my name.

My shuttle I dropped, and my work left alone;
The voice was enchanting, I followed its tone.
I watched the light that illumined the way,
For the clouds had all lifted, and night turned to day.
"How lovely!" I cried; through a gate-way I pressed,
Intent on new beauties—a heaven and rest.

An angel drew near with the tenderest of eyes,
Her words were of pity, her glance, of surprise.
"Oh, why are you here?" she said, sadly and sweet,
"Your hands bear no token of weaving complete,
Your tears have covered your loom with rust,
And your shuttle now idle, is buried in dust."

"Alas! but my threads are so tangled," I cried,
"Your eyes are but blinded," the angel replied;
"The grey warp is needed—you do not yet see
How beautifully woven the *contrasts* can be;
Return to your shuttle, in faith persevere,
The web, so imperfect, must be finished there."

Ah! how could I murmur? rebukings were just;
I returned to my labor with patience and trust;
I burnished my shuttle, untangled my skein,
The old mill's harsh grating grew softer again;
I checked my repinings as time sped away,
And at last I found more of the golden than grey.

I awoke—the tread-wheel moved on just the same,
But I found precious truth in one hour's short dream.

IS THE PROHIBITORY MEASURE A REFORMATORY ONE?

There are many reasons why I am not in sympathy with the measures adopted by the prohibitionists; one of which is, I have no faith in legislative cures. Many good people believe that the order and decorum of well-regulated communities are due to legislative enactments—that men and women are kept virtuous by law,—some of my most intimate friends are strongly in favor of prohibition, and bitterly oppose my sentiments on this subject. These friends are exemplary persons. I venture to say they do not gamble, indulge in profanity, or get drunk, but I give them so much credit, I attribute their virtues to a sense of honor, rather than to any restraint in consequence of civil law.

Vices are never put down by legal prohibition, and a so-called virtue, that needs the protection of the law, is not worthy of the name. Nothing develops the moral faculties and is calculated to call out goodness in an individual, like responsibility.

Turn to any department in life, and you will find this to be true. With all my soul, do I believe the prohibitory law to be a barrier in the temperance movement. Whenever we resort to the strong arm of the law to control the appetite, we are engaged in a legal, not a moral, revolution. Some one has said: "The constable is pushed forward, and the divine weapons laid aside."

I am no statistician, but I am informed that statistics show that prohibition in Iowa has not been a success. The same is true of Maine and Kansas. The cause of temperance has steadily gone backward when taken out of the hands of the reformer and put into the hands of the law officer. Supposing the law had done all it proposed to do, what would have been the boast of Iowa to-day? Is the drunkard reformed simply by being deprived, by the law, of his beverage?

From a physiological standpoint, if from no other, people should abstain from alcoholic drinks. Certain scientists have investigated the mattter, and illustrated the effects of fermented and distilled liquors upon the stomach. If it is a sin to drink in a saloon, is it not as much so to partake in a church, at a communion table?

Government never has presumed to dictate what we shall eat, except to see that our meat is not tainted or our food so adulterated as to fill the country with

contagion, yet thousands die annually, in consequence of vicious eating. Others become victims to numerous ills.

I admit all the evils that spring from intemperance. My public life has made me familiar with much of its misery, and I deplore it as much as any prohibitionist can, still I am confident that legislation will never bring the desired result. Many argue that nine-tenths of the poverty in the land is the result of intemperance. It occurs to me, that very much of the intemperance that curses the world is the result of poverty. There are no people in the world more deluded than those who believe the millennium can be brought about by voting down the liquor traffic. Inasmuch as the effort has proved so much of a failure, why not turn the mind to a scientific study of the temperance question, and in place of employing detectives and constables to do our work, secure teachers and skillful doctors of soul and body to bring about the desired reformation. Again, I say, in the interest of temperance, I am opposed to the prohibitory movement.

SOLITUDE.

Away from the sound of the city's din,
Away from the haunts of care and sin;
Away from the tread of human feet,
And jostle and jam of the noisy street,
I seek a quiet, sequestered spot,
Where men and women wander not.
It seemed that a spirit called to me
From the beautiful shade of the oaken tree.

The sky is golden with sunset beam,
It kisses and laughs in the placid stream;
The grass lies a sheeny web at my feet,
Dotted with blossoms of clover sweet;
The soft wind kisses the leaf and flower,
The birdlings fly homeward this witching hour.

The greenwood trees form an arch above,
They whisper sweet messages—all of love.
The zephyr that fans my brow and cheek,
Dear old-time memories doth repeat.
My soul sends forth a rapturous song
That is echoed back by an unseen throng.

O, the communing of one sweet hour
With Nature and self; what wondrous power
Touches our life, we forget our pain
And send back response to every strain,
For the better thoughts in our hearts are stirred
By the song and sermon our spirits heard.

A MEDIUM'S HAPPIEST HOUR.

When we lead some sorrowing mortal
Upward toward the heavenly portal
'Till uplifted is the shadow
From the soul forevermore;
When we bring the loved to meet you,
And can messages repeat you,
Filled with all their love and meaning,
This, The Medium's Happiest Hour.

FIRESIDE MUSINGS.

I do not forget, while I sit by a comfortable fire, that hundreds, aye, thousands of my sex are hunting employment, and that as many more, who have work, are grinding up bone and sinew, in order to fatten rich corporations. The bright dreams and worthy aspirations of many a young man and woman are smothered in the struggle for bread and butter. Wives and mothers wonder why it is, they are compelled to toil from morning until night, with no respite, denied many of the comforts of life, saying nothing of the luxuries, while just across the way, another woman, who never does an hour's work, has her horses, carriages and servants, with every opportunity for entertainment and amusement. Yes, these poor women wonder why it is, that with the united efforts of themselves, and sober, industrious husbands, they can earn barely enough to clothe and feed their children, while they are in school, why they are compelled to count their last pennies every month to make out the rent on cheerless, inconvenient houses, while some of their ac-

quaintances, who started in life with no better prospects, are living in palatial residences; but in all their wondering and thinking, many of them have not grown to the idea, that bad legislation on financial matters have brought about the two extremes—wealth and poverty. They have not learned that if there were no very poor people in the country, there would be none very rich. I am sorry to say, many among the suffering, struggling and complaining, are strenuously opposed to the woman suffrage movement, and when asked to unite their forces with the workers in the cause, answer: "I've all the rights I want!" Of course, all of these reforms must be brought about through enlightenment. O, speed the time when woman, the world over, will realize that life should hold as much for her as though she were a man! When every road to art, science and philosophy will be as readily opened to her as to her brothers; when she will consider that there are other objects to live for than that of finding a husband in whom she may merge her individuality. Not that I would detract one particle from the sweetness and happiness in complete companionship, or the enjoyment found in a harmonious home, but there are many women who never ought to become wives and mothers, nor have the charge of a home, and never would, were it not for a support.

We are living in a world of changes; when I was

young—don't think I am *very* old now—I used to hear it said, "no girl should consider her education finished, until she had learned house-keeping, dress-making, laundry work and cooking, aye, and how to make men's clothing as well." Now, supposing these things were all that a woman could learn, there might be a little sense in such a statement. I can remember when girls knew nothing about clerking, telegraphing, law, medicine, and scores of avocations by which they are earning their living at the present time. The various trades and professions are opened to the girls to-day, yet, many hold to the idea, that in connection with any one of these, the young lady should learn to keep house, and make her own clothing. Why should so much more be expected of our girls than of our boys? When a boy is put to a trade, or profession, as a general thing, he is expected to devote his time and energies to the most perfect acquirement of the same. He is not supposed to divide his time between a dozen, or more vocations, thus becoming a "jack at all trades and good at none." True, various labor-saving machines which have been introduced into the home, may help the girls out somewhat, but when one's forces have been expended in one way, they cannot be used in another. After a person has become thoroughly exhausted, physically, there is little hope of accomplishing much, mentally. Besides, a time is

coming when nearly every kind of work in the domestic department will be reduced to a science; I believe the time is not far distant, when professional, scientific cooks will be in demand, and paid a good salary. Laundry work is already reduced to an art; the woman who can earn seventy-five cents a day, had better patronize a first-class laundry man, or woman, than use up her energies, and crowd her time in attempting to do so much extra labor. Not that any kind of labor is degrading; the idea is, that women and girls among the poorer classes, especially, have failed to do their best in their legitimate work, in undertaking to do so many things.

When girl accountants, telegraph operators and teachers, receive the same pay as their brothers, they will not feel compelled to sit up nights to do their own sewing, or to sacrifice an hour's sleep each morning, in order to wash and iron their own clothes. A healthy looking working-girl, especially in the large towns, is the exception, and not the rule. Extra hours of hard work will break the constitution, and the extra work has to be done that they may present a decent appearance on the street and in society. Why should we expect so much from girls? We never did from boys.

There are girls who are naturally domestic in their disposition; who love home life and home work, whose sweetest aspirations are for a home of

their own to love and care for. Happy are they, if they are so circumstanced in life, that their training may come under careful, maternal hands. The true home is to become the rock on which our nation is to be founded; intelligent wives and mothers are to become our country's guardian angels, but woman's genius, talent and power must seek their domain, and, as the field for woman's work broadens, as she weds herself to the arts and sciences, co-operative homes will be instituted, thereby departmentizing domestic labor, and granting the wife and mother time for the exercise of her various mental gifts.

Woman, rise, in all thy grandeur,
  Give thy genius to the world;
Let no slavish fears enchain thee,
  Thy pure thoughts must help to mould
Laws and customs for the people;
  To thy nobler self be true;
Do not waste the hours in dreaming,
  There is work for thee to do.

A QUESTION.

I've heard the song of the "Beautiful Hills,"
That rise on the farther shore,
Where the weary rest from torturing ills
And languish 'neath care no more.
But the beautiful song breaks not the chain
That binds the million of slaves,
Who never find rest of hand, or brain,
'Till they drop in pauper graves.

They say, "A Beautiful Home Over There,"
Is built by a Stream of Light,
Where flowers of beauty perfume the air,
And never falls shade or blight;
But I *know* down here there are homeless ones,
Whom the world counts little worth,
That would blossom as rare and lovely souls,
In a "Home, Sweet Home," on earth.

I doubt not there comes a "Sweet Bye and Bye,"
I dream of the "Sometime Isle,"
But each day I hear earth's oppressed ones cry,
And I question all the while;

O, how can we cheer the desolate way
That leads to the "Sun-bright Sea?"
Or help carry burdens of the To-Day,
En route for "The Land To Be?"

Hills may be bright on the "Evergreen Shore,"
And the Homes most sweet above;
But many rough paths must be travelled here,
Ere the "sylvan glades" we rove.
'Tis the hill of the *Now*, we seek to climb,
It is rugged, steep and high;
How can we make blessed the Present Time,
To make "Sweet" the "Bye and Bye?"

THE BLUES.

Somehow, everybody gets a touch of the blues when the prematurely cold and stormy days come, and when they are over, why, everybody seems to be transformed. To-day, old Sol is laughing outright, and doing his very best to cheer up the places made so desolate by Jack Frost.

I had thought the birds had become tired of the cold and storm and deserted us, but this morning I heard a wee songster call from his shelter in the evergreens. I felt so sorry for the poor, little fellow, for I supposed he was left to sing his song alone; again he called, and soon I heard a response from a neighboring tree, and in a moment the songsters perched themselves in the sunshine and warbled one of the sweetest bird duets I ever heard. It was a simple circumstance, yet it did much for me. It awakened a response in my being, and my spirit that was so hampered with care, and toil-worn, forgot its burdens, and from its depths welled a new song.

How true it is, that we are prone to judge the

future by the present. When the storms of life are upon us, we forget that "There is Light Ahead," and the songs become silenced in our hearts. How often, when the chill of disappointment has swept over us, we grow bitter toward the world and feel to take no part in its mirth, music and joy. as I looked at the dear, little birds this morning, perched upon a leafless branch, and singing as joyously as they ever did amid the foliage in June, I thought, let this be a lesson for me. I am nearing the autumn of my life; should I sing less? Why, because the spring and summer of our sweet lives are ended, should we remain silent, when the sun shines as warm as ever, and the moonlight falls as tenderly over the valley and river, as when we were young? The world is just as beautiful, dear reader, as when you and I were rearing our air castles, and painting in our picture galleries, the images of our youth. Do you say you still have enthusiasm, hope, joyfulness and exuberance of spirit, but the friends who move in the realm with you cannot appreciate those elements in one in whom life is taking on the sere and yellow leaf? Never mind; sing on just the same, and call out from the very joyfulness of your being. Some one will respond to you along life's way; some happy soul will learn better how to express itself because of the songs you give forth, and though your days are shortening and life's winter

close at hand, the sunset will be brighter, the twilight less dreary, because of your soul's sweet songs. O, don't allow yourself to feel old because your grandchildren play about your knee. Let not your white hairs be marks of decay, but rather let them surround your brow as a crown of glory. No, no, if you are as Nature designed, you are ripening, not dying.

No grove there is upon earth's varied chart
But what may hold some little bird to cheer it;
So let Hope sing within the human heart
And ne'er so sad, but that the soul may hear it.

NATURE'S TEMPLE.

We have gathered in the temple, whose roof, the arching sky,
Spreads over dale and forest, its deep, blue canopy;
Where the nodding grasses tremble, as the Great Spirit breathes
Its silent invocations through the overhanging leaves.

Here we list to sweetest music; the choicest notes combine
To stir the soul to worship at this majestic shrine;
The thrilling tones are wafted upon the tiniest breeze;
From Nature's wond'rous organ, God sweeps the magic keys.

Here, from this grand old Temple, no costly spires arise,
No altar, or no trappings to mock uplifted eyes,
No studied prayers, or sermons are read from musty books,
Our texts are written on the trees, and heard in babbling brooks.

Here we feel the glorious presence of precious liberty;
The bending heavens proclaim it reaching on from land to sea;
Our souls thrill with emotions beyond our feeble speech,
For the spirit hath a language the tongue can never reach.

Let us gather up the sunbeams that crown these golden hours,
And drink the rarest sweetness from the silent, upturned flowers;
Let us breathe into our spirits the "music in the air,"
Until with one accord, we feel 'tis good to worship here.

WOMEN IN GOVERNMENT.

I have a correspondent who is very much afraid I will "mix up in politics." He says: "I understand you have signified your willingness to talk on governmental affairs." Now, suppose I have, or have not, why does my correspondent put so much stress on the words, "mix up in politics?"—he underscores them—would I sink so much in his estimation as a woman, if I felt inspired to say a word on the issues, over which he and the great army of brothers are contending? He would not allow a woman to vote; would he prohibit her from talking? Then he must compel her to stop thinking. I never have intimated that I desired to identify myself with politics, but I do say I want the privilege of expressing myself on matters of government, the same as on religion, or any one of the reforms. Why not? Is there anything so terribly bad about politics? If so, who put it there? My over-anxious correspondent says, the time has not come when woman should be granted the ballot, that when it does, the rulers of the nation will en-

dow her with that right. Isn't that comforting? How does *he* know the time has not come? How does *he* know the "rulers" will endow woman with the right of suffrage? How can any set of people "endow" human beings with an "*inalienable right*," when, according to the Declaration of Independence, such right was "endowed" by the Creator? How widely our people have departed from that document. When government enrolls woman on its list of citizenship, and admits her into all civil councils on the same basis that it admits man, then we shall have a cosmopolitan congress, and it will be the grandest achievement of any age.

My correspondent inquires, "What good will be derived from woman suffrage?" Allow me to ask, what benefit has come to man through suffrage? When woman is armed with citizenship, she will stand as man's equal in point of law. She will receive better wages—aye, her remuneration will be the same as that of man, if she performs the same amount of labor and does it as well. With better wages she will become self-supporting, and self-supporting, she will not be compelled to barter her womanhood and sacrifice her honor and purity as she does to-day in and out of marriage.

It is a stubborn fact that eight-tenths of the vice and crime that shatter society to-day, the reports of which, crowd the secular press throughout the coun-

try, are caused by poverty. Intemperance blackens our streets, defiles homes, makes wrecks of men and women, and in searching out the cause of the increase of this terrible vice, we are compelled to admit that much of it is due to broken fortunes, blighted prospects and ruined hopes. Much of the so-called social evil, can be traced directly or indirectly to the financial world, and when one commences to consider, where is the limit? Has woman no interest in these matters—the glorious mothers and wives of the republic? Yes; and it is in woman's power to purify the ballot-box, the bar and the jury. She can enforce more justice in legislation; then, not until then, will a crown of glory rest upon Columbia. Then will the Goddess of Liberty be an actualized reality. At present, the bird of freedom has but one wing; how can he soar aloft and sing his songs of liberty to the people?

I am aware the good revolution is begun. New wine cannot be put into old bottles. The bottles will burst and the wine be lost. With legislative oppression on one hand and church intolerance on the other, there is a lust for monopoly, not only in the political, but in the church realm! She—the church—sways the social sceptre; she has become the shrine of fashion; she commands the worship of the rich; are not these evidences that she is no longer a moral or spiritual guide? The prodigal

sons and daughters are scorned from her doors; the poor are seldom welcomed to the popular church; reformers are traduced in the name of Christianity; angels have returned and she would not receive them. The church is partisan, sectional and rebellious to the soul of freedom.

Most Spiritualists are as radical as the writer on these points, but some of them are fearful a discussion of these issues will injure their cause. I glory in Spiritualism, because I believe in its indestructibility. We can each express our opinions, cherish our ideas, do ever so well, or the reverse, *the truth will live.*

Why is it any more unworthy to stand before an audience and demand political freedom than religious freedom? Spiritualism has made it possible for woman to stand where she does to-day in the church, at the bar, in medicine and other hitherto forbidden places; so, in the evolution of things, she will continue to progress and work her way on to those heights where she may exult in political independence.

As a Spiritualist, I believe this republic must be elevated into an inspirational life. That is, we, as a people, must learn there are higher laws than those printed in statute books. What can we say of politics, but that it is a "chess-board for gamblers?" The religions of the world are as a "sound-

ing brass and a tinkling cymbal." Disorder, contention and strife are apparent on every hand. If man's wisdom has not been adequate, is it not time that we pause and ask, "What have our arisen friends for us?" may they not, with their superior experiences become our oracles? Must the Ship of State go down amid the storms, a wrecked thing forever? Are we true to our highest light, we, who believe that the great and good of all ages live, and are interested in what pertains to the world of humanity, when we claim that our government and all matters pertaining to it, should be ignored, and woman, especially, remain silent on all of these questions? I believe our sin is unpardonable, if we refuse to utter what the spirit saith to us.

One thing must be borne in mind, we must not attempt to *manage* the inspiration as it comes to us. The under-currents cannot be controlled. Every human construction will fall before the larger life that bears us on. Growth and out-growth is everywhere. The struggle for justice, the war for freedom, bereavements, sacrifices, and all human endeavor for better conditions, are rich experiences, leading into diviner paths, forming new mental and spiritual illustrations, and spring up, fresh springs of inspiration.

GIVE ME ONE VIEW OF THE GOLDEN CITY.

Swing open the gates to the Beautiful World,
O, guardian ones, we pray;
That through the mists our dimmed eyes may gaze
'Till we catch a glimpse of the sun's bright rays,
From the city just over the way.

'Tis a beautiful land over there, we're told,
Where the flowers ne'er mildew, or blight,
Where incense sweetens the softest air,
And the music of love is everywhere,
And falls no shadow or night.

Fain would we look on the beautiful aisles,
That lead to that wonderful home,
Our darlings left us one dreary day,
The boatman silently bore them away,
And our hearts with anguish were torn.

O, for a glimpse of that Beautiful World,
Our fathers and mothers are there;
Our darling babes, we loved them so,
With their beautiful curls o'er their foreheads of snow,
They have climbed the golden stair.

When the days are drear and the nights are long,
And our hearts heavy burdens bear,
How light would our crosses of sorrow become,
What sunshine would flood the dreariest room,
Could we catch one glimpse of the Beautiful Home,
The city just over there.

IN MEMORIAM.

Gone from this world to the Beautiful Shore,
Earth's weary march forever is o'er;
The Angel's sweet call echoed over the tide,
He folded his tent for the other side,
And silently passed through the open gate,
Where lovingly, watchingly, he will wait,
To welcome the dear ones, as, one by one,
They too, strike their tents when life's battle is done.

NEW YEAR'S EVE REVERIES.

The old year is nearly gone; soon the hands upon the dial-plate will denote the advent of the new. As I sit alone, casting a retrospect over the past twelve months, questions arise in my mind concerning the efforts and the result of the past year. Intellectually and spiritually has it been a profitable one? Am I better prepared to solve life's problems and meet its changes than one year ago? Am I better able to understand the needs of humanity? Do I know myself better, than when, twelve months since, I stood in the gate-way of the new year, and saw the old, close behind me? The result of the past year's struggles and efforts can only be judged by the deeds of the present. As I shall turn over, one by one, the leaflets of the days as they come and go, may I leave better inscriptions than ever before, and not be ashamed of the pictures left upon the pages.

How many of us during the old year have stood under the shadows, and wept the physical out-going of some departed friend. Dear ones, who, one

year since, sent me loving greetings through the mediumship of their own hands, are to-night, on the spirit side of life, and were I, this moment, clairvoyant, I know I would see them, for I sense their presence.

I cannot tell how loving ones can reach me
From that fair land;
The spirit hath its own unwritten language
I understand.

During the past year, many of our noble workers have passed beyond the gates; how I would love, as I sit here, waiting to close the old volume and open the new, to get some message from them. Have they been able from the watch-towers over there, to get any signal concerning our glorious cause? Can they see farther than we? Are they able to gather harmony out of all the apparent discord that surrounds us? Would that you and I, dear reader, might become clairvoyant, thus being capable of understanding the condition of the earnest, faithful souls that one year since, were struggling as you and I now are for the upbuilding of a better humanity.

The coming year! what lies behind its mysterious curtain for me? I would not, if I could, have it lifted to-night, for many of us would falter if we knew the mountains we must climb, the chasms we must bridge, the heart-aches we must endure.

When the time comes for us to meet them, somehow the power of endurance comes with it, and we live through it all, better for the experiences. When we are left to our own resources with how much more energy we ply life's oar and develop within ourselves a power that we had never imagined lay within our possibilities. The most of us smile more frequently than we shed tears. Life may seem ever so dark, we see more sun than shade, then let us hope on, work on.

Good-bye, old year. All there is of good I will endeavor to transfer into the new one, and be careful that the mistakes and blots that blemish the old book find no duplicate in the new. Whatever is sealed for the coming time will be the best. Sometimes I may exult on the mountain-tops, at others walk silently in the valleys, but I will strive to remember that I am never alone—that unseen ones are always about me, striving to assist, when I make conditions, in the great work of life.

"Ring out the old, ring in the new
Ring, happy bells, across the snow
The year is going, let him go.
* * * * * * * *

"Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The cruel slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good."

GO FORTH.

[Dedicated to NEW THOUGHT.]

Go forth! and may thy gracious errand be
Fraught with good gifts for dear humanity.
Unloose the bonds of slavery and wrong;
Make souls too large for envy, hate or scorn;
Encourage goodness, teach to do and dare,
Nerve brains to act and human hearts to bear.

Go forth! not with dogmatic iron sway,
Through reason, teach mankind the better way;
Speak as thou wilt of golden years to be
To paint in dreams a bright futurity;
But ne'er forget that millions bending low
Beneath life's burdens, ask for blessings now

Go forth! this cruel world hath need of thee.
Bid tumults cease; spread light from sea to sea.
Through *faith* we stumble, lacking *sight* we fall
While "Ignorance makes cowards of us all."
Hope's syren voice a song uncertain sings
And Genius tries to soar with fettered wings.

Go forth! if Heaven commissioned thou
wouldst be,
Before no tyrant bend the slavish knee;
Baptize the world with deeper, sweeter love;
A beacon light in life's dark highway prove;
True to the calling of the present hour,
Go forth, NEW THOUGHT, and Truth shall give
thee power.

THE PROMISE.

O world of soul! unseen tho' thou mayst be,
Save to the inner sense, thou art reality;
The shades will lift, grey morning will appear,
I feel the night is passing, dawn is near;
The stream that bears us safely on will glide
In spite of calm or widely adverse tide.
I know at last unto our inner sense,
Comes home the lesson sweet, of recompense;
I wait, I watch, aye, how my spirit thrills
To catch one glimpse of the Eternal Hills.

CONVICTIONS.

I am convinced, aside from all physical phenomena, of the existence of spirit. True, I do not endorse all that comes in the name of Spiritualism, neither do I bow in homage or yield my judgment to any spirit out of the flesh more than I would to one in the flesh, unless I am convinced of the superior wisdom and judgment of that spirit. I believe that I am in the spirit world now as much as I ever will be; I realize that I am a spirit, looking out through physical eyes, listening through physical ears. I know there is an infinitesimal world, of which we know nothing, save through the vision aided by the microscope. I know there is a world of sound of which we know nothing except through the microphone. I also know that there is a realm of which we can know nothing save through the spiritual senses. Is it egotistical in me to say I see, independent of mortal vision, and hear, independent of the delicate instrument Nature gave me

as a medium for sound? There are times when I hear octave on octave of rich, rare sounds; they thrill my soul, and produce the most exalted mental and spiritual conditions. In such moments I rise above all discords. The whole universe seems set to harmony; its sounds blend in one perfect melody, until the soul of the Great Artist is felt in the sweeping diapason of a majestic anthem, Heaven, Earth and Air are chanting. Sometimes there comes to me, under every seeming inharmony, a perfect rythm; under every groan of human agony a minor strain, touching and sad, yet true and tender. This unwritten music has tempered my life, sweetened hours that would have been bitter; has enabled me to sing my best songs, say my truest words and do my best and womanly deeds. It is as real to me as that read from the staff, or listened to from any musical instrument. Supposing I cannot render it any more than I can translate the words the spirit saith to me, there is a language that can never be framed into speech; it is uttered by spirit, and by spirit alone can be interpreted.

Never, in all my mediumistic experience, have I felt more assurance of the companionship of the invisible than now. In fact, new developments are continually coming to me. I know nothing more positively, than I do that the change called Death, will not put so much as a comma in my existence.

I do not dread to cross the silent river. Did I feel no obligations here, how gladly would I hail the spirit's release.

WAIT.

Sometimes Life's sweetest cup will hold
The bitterest dregs to human lips;
The glorious sun at highest noon
By strange dark shadows be eclipsed.
Those that we love may bruise the heart
And wound in dearest, tenderest spot,
May pull its velvet leaves apart
And spill its precious blood for naught
But hold the cup with steady hand,
Wait! for it must surely fill;
The golden sun will shine again,
Though but to gild the western hill.
Some higher power will lend a hand
To heal the wound and ease the smart;
A holier life will press thine own
And leave its seal upon thy heart.
When all's fulfilled and harmony
Has reached thy soul—its every sense,
Thou wilt have learned Heaven's minstrelsy
And this, thy soul's sweet recompense.

THIS "LAND OF SHADOWS."

I wait on the shore of the wonderful stream
That runs 'twixt this and the "Border Land;"
I watch, for perhaps, o'er the wavelet's gleam,
I may catch some glimpse of a loving hand,
Beckoning me to the Great Beyond,
Out of this "Land of Shadows."

I list, and methinks I hear the roar
Of the mighty waves of an infinite sea;
I know that across on the soft, blue shore,
Cherished darlings are waiting for me;
Waiting to greet me in the Beyond,
Out of the "Land of Shadows."

How oft I have dreamed of that world of light
Where the human soul forgets its fears,
And may gather up all of its fruitage ripe
Of seed that was sown in weary years—
Seed that was sown for the Great Beyond,
Here in this "Land of Shadows."

And now, that world seems so wondrous near,
The air with melodies sweet are rife;
What throngs of glad voices now greet my ear,
My soul leaps forth to the Angel Life.
She parts the waters to bear me on
Out of this "Land of Shadows."

Companion, my darling, weep no more;
How oft my spirit will turn to thee;
I'll watch and love from the farther shore
That borders the land beyond the sea.
I'll wait for thee in the upper sphere
Above this "Land of Shadows."

For those who love me I leave no word
That means a bitter or sad farewell;
My spirit, like an imprisoned bird,
Yearns in Freedom's sweet air to dwell.
One struggle—then out of these bonds of clay,
Out of this "Land of Shadows."

"THE GLORIOUS FOURTH."

Our country is on the eve of celebrating "The Glorious Fourth." Banners will be spread, cannons boom, orators in readiness to deliver their spread eagle speeches, young Americans will be shouting over their fire crackers, and a general confusion will have been inaugurated all over the land; all for what? To celebrate our Independence. Ah! yes; who are the free? True, the chains forged by the politicians, and bolted by the church on human beings, have been broken, but not until after war, blood and death. What is our Constitution to-day but a dead letter? The wealth of the land serves as a combustion; its politics a chess-board for gamblers, the churches "whited sepulchres," and church membership, with some exceptions, mannerisms. The glory America has achieved from time to time will prove but a monument to mark her grave unless her people open their souls to the inspiration of

honor, truth and justice. The ship of state goes down wrecked forever, unless we strike again for independence and liberty. Truth is as free as the sunlight. Soul to soul and heart to heart must work for the uplifting and upbuilding of humanity. This fair, beautiful Nation is not free and independent while the mothers, wives and sisters are unrecognized in national affairs. O speed the time, when men and women, the fathers and mothers of this Republic may stand as equals, when woman may stand with her brother under the starry flag, not only his companion, but his peer, with loyal heart and hand to help the down-trodden, elevate labor and bless the world, as man-power alone cannot do.

AFTER THE STORM.

The long rain is over, the clouds rifted lie,
In gossamer paths on the delicate sky;
The waters have silenced their moaning so drear,
The westward is golden, the sun will set clear,
After the storm.

The roses have opened, they crown June their queen
The woodlands are bright in their beautiful sheen,
The oriole sings in the maple tree nigh,
The whip-poor-will tenderly chants a reply,
After the storm.

The children are out and they romp in their glee,
Their voices and laughter are music to me.
How they watched the clouds through the long, dreary day,
Coveting hoop and ball, "just one hour for play,"
After the storm.

The workman turns homeward with footstep more light,

For golden threads that knit day into night.
He views in the distance the dear one who waits
To welcome him lovingly through the old gate,
After the storm.

Ah, how will it be when Time's great storm is o'er?
Will *my* sunset golden as I near the shore
Away in the gloaming? and then will I see
Some dearly beloved friend waiting for me
After the storm?

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.

Have you ever thought, dear reader, how beautiful and innumerable are the lessons constantly coming to us in the name of our glorious philosophy? Every day, if we are ready to receive it, there comes a new revelation. We are learning more and more that we are *now* in a spirit world—building our homes for the great to-morrow, developing the individual that is to be, and that some of our best growth comes through our struggles, pains and tears. Were this life all, we might well cry out in bitter-

ness many times, and feel indeed it were a failure, but if we are to continue on and on, only changing our conditions, who knows but that our dreams may be realized, and that the good for which we have struggled during our earthly pilgrimage yet be won? Rapidly the years are whirling on, sometimes bearing our dearest hopes and sweetest joys. We may hold out our arms and cry as we see them go, but the present is ours, the future will be, and with added experiences we will grow better and wiser. For aught we know, our best growth may have come when our souls were wailing in agony; the terrible waves that threaten to engulf us as we drift on the bosom of Life's ocean, may toss us higher than we ever could have climbed, and hastened our advancement as no effort of ours on a calmer sea could have done. Clear eyes are searching the way for us; strong hands are at the helm; let us be faithful to the needs of the hour and do our best. No angel can do more.

ACROSS THE WAY.

I wait to see the last faint sunbeam quiver
Above yon hill;
And linger by the deep and rolling river,
'Till waves are still.
How bright are they kissed by the glowing sunbeams,
And breezes fanned;
I know the waters touch in ebb and flowing
"The Border Land."

I know some eyes will here grow sad and tearful
At close of day;
When 'mid the shadows of the deepening twilight,
I go away.
But I will come when morning's early splendor
Shall kiss the rills;
And bring a message warm, loving and tender
From the bright hills.
I do not know, dear ones, how I shall reach you
From that fair land;

The spirit hath its own unspoken language,
You'll understand.
I will pervade the souls of those who love me,
I'll need no speech;
Spirit will seek its own; its best expression
Words never reach.

I hold within my arms so weak and trembling
My little sheaves;
I know the best of them are all imperfect
And mixed with leaves.
But they are mine—each won by constant toiling
At Love's behest;
I only care to hear these words of plaudit,
"She did her best."

I wait, nor do I dread the deepening twilight
Of one fair day.
I know the sunlight never leaves the mountains
Across the way.
I know that Love will bridge the silent river
Where'er I stand,
And watchful souls will feel my spirit presence
And understand.

TO MY MOTHER.

Mother, from the world's rude jostlings
I turn for a day apart;
Forsaking the strife and masses
For the love of your fond heart.
I'm weary, my feet have wandered
So far, and again I come
To love, to rest and be cherished
In the arms of "Home, Sweet Home."

O, fold me as in childhood
In your mother-love embrace;
Your hands with their kind caresses
Drive the care-clouds from my face.
Pause not to count the white threadings
That are lying o'er my brow;
Forget that I am a woman,
I would be your dear *child* now.

Need I tell of all the breakers
I'm compelled to pilot through?
Of burning, blistering plough-shares

O'er which I walk with the "few;"
Enduring the scorn and malice
Of those who falsely assail;
Still blessed am I, dearest mother,
Your love my life ne'er has failed.

In my soul's deep recess is hidden,
Cherished visions of days gone by;
Home pleasures—its sweetest endearments,
I buried them all with a sigh
When I heard the angel's commission—
"Go down to God's Temple so free,
That the heart may yield e'en its life-blood
In thy work for humanity."

Dear mother, I've bent but not broken,
I've faltered but never have failed;
I have battled the wind and the tempest,
But am stronger for every gale.
I have drank the sweet with the bitter.
I have found the false with the true,
And I have seen much more of Heaven,
Than I could find within its blue.

I will not murmur at fate, mother,
All is *best* or it would not be;
My work may bring slow fruition,
But it surely holds much for me.
I may sometimes wander in darkness,

And in silence breathe forth my prayer,
If I walk in the vale of sorrow,
I'll find God and my angels there.

I bring you no weary repining,
But a wish for an hour of rest;
And to whisper my soul's endeavors
To the one that knoweth it best.
Then, oh take me as when in childhood
Ere the world I had learned to know,
There are paths that now wait my treading,
Bless me, and again I will go.

THE END.

The morning was grey and somber
The west wind blew from the hills,
And swept all the mist asunder,
Then sunlight the valleys filled.
And the day was bright and golden,
No clouds in the sky were seen;
And its close! the glorious sunset
Was gorgeous as could have been,

A terrible dream the midnight
Had brought to my weary brain;
I was left alone in life's battle
To bear my wounds and their pain,
But at morn the vision vanished,
For a lover's tenderness
Brought to me an early greeting
And sought all the day to bless.

Life's ocean is full of boulders,
As it sweeps and swells so wide;
But I know the waves run smoothly
As they sweep the other side.
Why should I shrink in the tempest?
Some power I know will defend.
After the struggle is over
It will all be well in the end.

BIRTH-DAY MEDITATIONS.

This is my forty-sixth natal day, and a more charming morning never was chronicled in balmy, leafy June. Is it possible that I have drifted on Life's sea for nearly half a century? I have passed some beautiful scenes and many times my heart has exulted as my little barque has coursed its way over smooth waters under the glancing sunbeams, with hosts of friends within hailing distance. There have been times, too, when I have been whirled on "amid the breakers and the roar," when the night has been upon me; when no light-house was discernible, when my head, heart and hands grew weary in the struggle. How gloriously the morning always dawned after the storms, and I always found the rude waves had tossed my little barque higher and farther on, than it could possibly have drifted in the calm. I learned that all unseen by me, a strong hand had been at the helm. I knew that a faithful pilot had attended me, and I was stronger for having stemmed the tide, and in better condition for future struggles.

As I look backward and view the wake I have left in the stream, it indeed looks crooked; I have made a serpentine way, but, like others, I have probably done the best I could. I know I have sometimes steered against the shoals, made mistakes, but in those places I have endeavored to set light-houses —signals, so my fellow mariners may not drift into the same channel. Taking the voyage thus far, all in all, it has been more pleasurable than otherwise. I have seen more sunny than stormy seasons. I do not dread to approach the farther shore, for I have occasional glimpses of the land to which I am going. I know it will be a counterpart of this life and we shall go

> "Sailing, sailing out on the sea
> Of a great and vast eternity."

I am at present, writing in the one room in our dwelling that I have dedicated, and, as far as possible, consecrated to spiritual development. For years, I have in my home, no matter where it has been, endeavored to have one spot—"a trysting place with the divine," where I could go daily and commune with my arisen friends; where I could breathe out my aspirations, aye, lay my soul bare with all of its weakness, to my ever faithful spirit attendants. Laugh ye who may, at the idea of a home-shrine, where we may turn occasionally and watch and hold guard with our unseen friends; it has been my

strength and my shield; it has enabled me to meet the multitude; it has given me courage to say strong words; it has medicined my tired and often sick soul; aye, all that I am or may be in public work, depends on my being able to have "conditions." In writing this I trust my good readers will not infer that I am desirous of yielding my individuality, far from it; nor do I have any desire to return to so-called unconscious mediumship, but I feel more and more the need of the spirit, the *power* to lead me out, the intelligence to guide me, the wisdom to enable me to say the right thing at the right time. So long have I worked in the capacity of a medium, I know something what it means. It is not merely to sing sweet songs, or to portray beautiful pictures in artistic word painting; but the true medium must voice unpopular truths; must plead for the down-trodden and oppressed; must try to liberate the slave everywhere; must strike at certain systems, while pity warms the soul for persons who love the systems. The truly inspired hates slavery, but loves the slave; hates sin, but feels kindly toward the sinner. O, the misunderstanding and bitter condemnation that such workers bring upon themselves; but the one who goes forth commissioned with this work, and who truly feels the burden laid upon him, will not fail, for God Almighty's warrant is in his keeping, the God of Truth, Wisdom and Love.

A BEAUTIFUL ANGEL COMES TO ME.

There's a beautiful angel who comes to me
With whispered words o'er the silent sea,
Those words, they are to my heart's deep wells
Like the distant echo of silver bells;
And they soothe, they cheer, they soften my pain,
So I take up my burden and toil again,
Nor would I rest till the day is done,
Then I will go home to that beautiful one.

When the earth was draped in a vernal sheen,
When roses had crowned bright June their queen,
When song-birds trilled in the woodland bowers
And sweetness lingered on all the hours,
The silent waters were parted wide,
My darling passed to the other side
With only this whisper breathed to me:
"We'll meet again o'er the silent sea."

O, the grief! the tears! the pain I felt!
As by the new made grave I knelt;
When lo! a voice stirred the upper air;
I looked! I saw a dear face there;

His face, and he looked with tender eyes
Into mine own with sweet surprise,
And he said; "Weep not, henceforth I'll be
Thy guardian, keeping watch o'er thee."

So I've journeyed on these many years,
Had much of sunshine, some of tears;
A few dear friends have grown strange and cold,
But life may be better for this I hold,
For the "tried and true," who remain to bless,
I clasp near my heart in tenderness,
And I know they will weep when I cross the sea
With the beautiful angel who waits for me.

When wearied my hands, when worn my feet,
When fainter and fainter life's pulses beat;
When I'm weary of striving for better things,
And my spirit droops with fettered wings,
Then I'll walk down to the silent shore;
I'll list for the sound of the boatman's oar,
I'll watch for the glimpse of the shining sail,
I'll joyously greet the boatman pale,
Nor will I dread to cross the sea,
For my beautiful angel will come for me.

LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY.

Oh, Liberty! What art thou, and what means thy
name to me?
Has thy heaven-born commission made every being
free?
Are there no slavish bindings, cursing men and wo-
men now?
Who are thy loving votaries—who at thy shrine
doth bow?
I hear the groans of suffering, from many a palace
hall,
I see in lowliest hovels, grim shadows on the wall;
I behold the dupes of fashion, who are fettering
soul and brain,
Singing of glorious Freedom, yet writhing in their
chain.

What though the negro stands to-day, beneath our
banner bright,
Equal to the white man, and a full sharer of his
right?

The master's whip is buried; aye, his cruel reign
is o'er,
And ye have chanted liberty, from mountain, glen
and shore;
Yet, who are those of this great age, who freedom
will maintain?
How many avowed Reformers have dared to break
custom's chain?
They kneel before the tyrant, called Society, this hour,
And will rise when e'er the masses give the word
and power.

We find in all humanity, a feud 'twixt rich and poor;
The nabob rolls in luxury, the beggar at his door
Is shivering in tatters, while most wretchedly he's
fed;
One dies from drinking costly wines, the other
starves for bread.
I *scorn* the name of Liberty, while money-gods hold
sway;
Position in the land is *bought*, and "honesty don't
pay."
The world shakes to its center; voices ring from
land to sea,
While angels are responding, "Ye shall have
Equality."
Equal rights to woman-kind, who has been man's
meanest slave;

And spilled her heart's blood out in vain,—crushed
by her master—knave;
When woman claims her freedom, she will reach
diviner life;
Truth will become her guiding star, and love will
crown her wife—
Will put her hand to earnest toil, her service paid
shall be
Equal to her brother, and with him a laborer free.
Will climb the same bright archway that his manly
feet have trod,
Still loyal to her noblest powers, her womanhood—
her God.

We will sheathe the sword forever, will ope the
prison door,
We will hush the voice of scandal, and her tongue
shall curse no more;
We will wipe the burning tear-drops, that blister
o'er the heart,
And in our life's great drama, will act the *human*
part.
Liberty and Equality must come to all mankind,
'Ere the millennium can dawn, and life's true use
we find;
Liberty for every one, and Equality for all,
Then Fraternity—"Love's other name," kindly
blesses all.

LOVE MISSIVES.

Darling, each day thy precious missive comes
So full of love and tenderness and trust;
I cannot tell how much each one inspires
My life, or puts fresh courage in my thought.
No longer tuneless is the atmosphere,
For every golden moment as it flies,
Is freighted with sweet and tender music.
These messages are bright and jewelled links
That bind my soul to thine; I am so near
I catch thy spirit-breathing, and I feel
The deep emotions as they ebb and flow
In thy soul of souls.

As I sit here I cannot be alone,
For I am stirred as though thy spirit came;
It haunts my reverie and rules my thought.
I sat to-night amid the shadows grim,
'Till thy dear life as a bright circle closed
About my own. And now I feel my soul
Reach upward; it sees new heights of Being.
I touch my humble lyre with stronger hand;

The thorns that pierced have burst in blossoms all,
And holy eyes seem watching in my soul,
From the soft purple hills that rise upon
The Spirit Shores.

Dear one, the years are passing swiftly on;
Our way winds 'neath the shadow and the sun;
Sometimes in thorny paths our tired feet bleed;
We climb in weariness the steeps of toil;
'Mid swamps of Poverty, oft press our way,
But still our joys remain. Love lends a charm
To every task. Toil deepens all our love.
Sometimes we halt between the towering hills,
of sunny Hope, and giant, dark Despair;
But spirit friends are always at our side,
With faithful guidance e'er to lead the way.

Darling, we stand upon the summit now,
Of earthly life. The daisied Spring-time's gone;
The early Autumn with its flush of gold
Drops down upon us. Frost has touched our brows,
And on our faces, Time his mark has lain.
But as to-night I read thy message sweet,
My soul drinks inspiration in each line.
My heart forgets its burdens and the light
Of Hope and Faith dispel each threatening gloom,
The Autumn-time seems as the joyous Spring.
The cliffs whereon with mortal feet I stand
Kindle with ruddy hue. Love's magic wand,

Has spread o'er every steep a rosy warmth.
May heaven bless thy true and tender soul;
Wave on wave, its life has entered mine,
And I would be its life-long friend and love,
Aye, I would be the bearer of the cup
That holds thy wine of joy; to make thy life
A richer one, and ever strive to hide
The world's rude harshness, 'neath the wealth of love.

MY BLESSINGS.

I am trying to think of the blessings
That come to this life of mine;
But it is like counting the sand-grains
That cover the hidden mine;
Or like numbering all of the sea-waves
That break on the lonely beach,
For manifold are the blessings
That can never be told in speech.

How *can* I number the blessings?
They are many and fresh each morn;
They crowd my life 'till the night-time,
And, when the day is done,
I turn to my silent chamber
From the cares and the world apart,
And cluster the golden moments
As jewels around my heart.

Aye, the moments are fraught with blessings,
Whenever I ask for light;
Growth comes through toil and struggle,
Day follows the darkest night.
What matter whether sun or shadow
The present moment may crown?
If life in each has a purpose
Then blessed is every one.

BOSTON'S REVIVAL.

They said the Lord was coming; that the Christ
Who lived in olden time would surely work
For poor humanity and save the world;
So to this end a Temple must be built.
'Twas when the winter winds were blowing chill,
And thousands shivered in their fireless homes,
When children cried for but a piece of bread,
And human beings perished on the street,
The Christians said: "Christ's cause we ought to serve,
We'll rear a Tabernacle unto His name."
Accordingly, long purse-strings were unloosed
And some who had refused to feed "God's poor"
Gave freely, saying: "Lend unto the Lord."
What though the station houses swarmed each night
With homeless wanderers who must beg or steal?
What though the fires went out on many hearths;
Who heard the prayers for wood and anthracite?
What though young girls were turned into the street
And left to sell their bodies or to starve;

When poverty accurs'd—was nursing crime,
Who of the "upper ten" arose to say:
I'll strive, the "lower millions" now to aid
And help to turn the tide.

Even the plea of honest workingmen
Was said to be the whining of poor fools.
The ministers—God's servants, turned away
When e'er implored to help the world's reform;
"Come to *our* church," they said, "the Lord will give
All that thou requirest."
So, when the cry went out for bread, *bread*, BREAD,
A thirty-thousand dollar Temple rose
"For Christ's—for God's sake"—not for yours or mine.

Day after day, a multitud'nous throng
Crowds the vast Temple, and 'tis said that Christ
Comes down and listens to their wordy prayers.
And is Christ there—the Christ we've longed to see—
The Christ we've hoped would come to save the world?
Is the Christ there that healeth broken hearts,
And pours a sweet elixir on tired souls?
'Tis true that men exhort and pray, and sing;
But what proof have we that they work with Christ?
Do they heal sick folks, give the blind their sight,

Unseal deaf ears, make the lame to walk?
Tell me, what miracles do they perform?

Boston's great Revival! what will it bring?
Will giant error hide her ugly form,
And in its place new truths eternal spring?
Will crime no longer darken this fair town?
Intemperance be swept away, and vice
Forever vanish, giving virtue place
Within the hearts of men?
Will prostitution and its direful curse
Be swept away? oh, tell me, ye who can,
How much we needs must pray and preach and sing
To do "God's service?"

What *means* the coming of these praying saints?
Were they sent here by an Almighty power
To walk among the wrangling Pharisees?
Are they commissioned with this solemn truth;
That Christians bear no semblance unto Christ,
Have they come here to tell the Church its sins,
To aid and bless the honest, starving poor,
To carry words of peace to prison cells,
And drive the money-mongers from our courts?
Ah! no! they've sold themselves unto the rich,
They would not dare to tell the Christian Church
How it will cant and lie.
They tell us they have come to "serve the Lord,"
To save the souls of men; but be it known

'Tis but to save their "cause."
Oh! world! how full of knaves and fools thou art,
Thy canting hypocrites, thy would-be saints
Are proving to the genius of the age,
Most miserable frauds.

INSCRIBED TO A YOUNG GIRL.

I am launching out on a wonderful stream,
'Mid a world of beautiful things;
Where shimmering starlight and sun rays gleam—
While all Nature her melody sings.
There are buds and blossoms that lovingly fall
O'er the shore on the rippling tide;
I reach my hand; I would grasp them all,
Ere I float to "the other side."

For me, there are throbbing strong, brave hearts,
Dear souls who watch and pray
E'er at the helm of my little bark,
Lest I should lose my way.
And they tell me the stream will not always be
smooth;

Bright skies will turn to grey.
And the fog must gather, but if I am true,
"An angel will lead the way."

They tell me the flowers that fringe the stream
Can never become all mine;
There are *others* out on the waves with me,
Who would seek fair wreaths to twine;
I can gather *no more* than my soul can use
For its *present* profit and gain;
I must let their fragrance my heart distil,
Then pass to the "golden grain."

They say there are isles where my careless feet
May tread upon "useless leaves;"
That my hands must single the tares from wheat,
Would I garner but precious sheaves.
And mines are there, with wealth untold,
I must toil both early and late,
Would I clasp in my hand the shining gold,
And rise from my low estate.

That brothers and sisters, some rich, some poor,
Will tread those paths with me;
Each delving perchance for the self-same ore
On the isle in this crystal sea;
Some who are great *above* me will stand,
And usurp a victor's crown;
Some will be weak—I must pray the hand
Of an angel to help them on.

They tell me that snares may entangle my feet
  Lest I carefully guard my way;
That flattery's voice is winning and sweet,
  But her smile will oft betray.
If I would be true, I must wear no mask,
  But ask the "Powers on high"
To interpret the questions my soul would ask,
  Nor *live* to the world a lie.

LOVE SONGS.

They say all songs are love-songs
  That bring our darlings near,
And all day long a sweet strain
  Has fallen on my ear.
It has echoed from the branches
  It has met me 'mid the flowers,
And woven sweetest music
  For the march of these spring hours.

It came in early morning
  To my being like a psalm;
Its tone was one of magic,

989314A

And wrought of chaos, calm.
And O, the sweetest dreamings
Within my spirit's sphere,
Were fraught with cherished presence
Of all whom I hold dear.

Love, like a star of beauty,
Has illumined all the day;
The future's dim-cloud curtain
Seems no longer dull and grey.
Life's purpose has a dawning,
Leal souls, I know divine,
With lavish love and beauty
Are surging into mine.

Can I quell more of harshness
With all this wealth of song?
Drink more of inspiration
From the unnumbered throng
That this moment thrill my being,
As the sun the darksome earth?
Soft-shadowed gracious influence!
How can I count thy worth?

Are these songs angel love-songs,
That fall so silently?
Wooing thoughts of Heaven
From all I hear and see?
Then I am rich in spirit—

In the inner heart that shines
Life's peerless wealth immortal
Love's every jewel mine.

Oft may these songs of magic
Breath sweet and holy things;
'Till in man I am more trusting,
And my heart's oft rusted strings,
May sparkle in love's sunshine
With rarest hues of life,
'Till I rise above all darkness
To the gates of purer life.

DESOLATION.

Darling, why should I call thee mine? I know another
Is drawing from thy soul its passion flame;
On thy heart's tablet, where mine own is written,
Time has inscribed a dearer, sweeter name.
I feel thy spirit in its silence calling
Not to mine own as in the dear old way;
Forgive me, loved one, that my tears are falling;
That so much tenderness has been put away.

I do not meet thee with one thought accusing;
I do not chide thee for the seeming wrong;
But O, I miss the rapture of our love-dream,
The glance, the word, the tender little song.
Out of my life has gone the lovely glamour,
The happy vision and the sweet content;
Do all things change beneath a faultless Heaven?
Those precious days! I blessed them as they went.
Has the dream vanished? must I gaze, my darling,
Upon receding joys as they shall fly?

Can I be passive through the drear days coming,
And meet them with a calm and tearless eye?
I do not know, my woman's heart seems breaking,
But I will ope the windows of my soul;
For thy dear sake I'll strive to woo the sunshine,
Perhaps may find some sweet amid the gall.

Nay, do not chide me, list this once, my darling;
Know'st thou my spirit now sees everywhere
A midnight shadow setting o'er its pathway?
A touch like frost chills all its atmosphere.
I know thy soul has proffered seeming friendship;
I'll serve thee then, if only at thy feet;
I'll bide my time; I'll wait beneath the shadows,
Yet all the days will be so incomplete.

THE NEW KINGDOM.

We stand in the dawn that precedes the New Kingdom,
Fulfillment of prophecies long foretold;
Christ comes, souls are summoned; the dead are arising;
Stones from sepulchral doors are rolled.
The ghosts are unveiled; they come forth shivering;
Skeletons drop as the ruddy light burns;
Superstition is groaning, gasping, aye, dying,
While in ashes and *debris* ignorance mourns.

Stand aloof! O ye priests, nabobs and rulers,
Make room for the army that's leading the van;
Drop your creeds, leave your laws and time-serving customs;
Justice has promised redress to all men.
Your altars have risen; rich temples for worship;
The church-spires point through the clouds to the sky;
But the "power of godliness" flees from their portals,
And seeks its own in the crowd passing by.

"The works that I do, shall ye do," said Jesus,
"Give sight to the blind, and to the deaf, sound;"
"Ye can take deadly things and they cannot harm you."
In the Kingdom that dawns, this fulfillment is found.
Christ came to his own and they would not receive him,
The deeds that he wrought engendered dispute;
The power was granted a more humble nation,
And given to souls that could gather its fruit.

"There'll be no more death," were the words of the Prophet,
Still churches wear sable and mourn for the dead;
Black draperies hang over beautiful altars,
"God giveth and taketh," is tremblingly said.
Wherever the "Power," there can be no more dying,
Waking souls have caught the inspiring breath;
They fearlessly tread as the children of Heaven,
Triumphantly over the stream of Death.

"I'll make a new covenant," proclaimed the wise Prophet,
"I will write my laws in the most inward part;
I will put them into the minds of the people,
That from the *true* way they cannot depart."
In the Kingdom that dawns, we read the new cov'-nant,

"Be merciful here; to man's weakness be just;"
The doom has been sealed for old institutions;
In human endeavor, henceforth be thy trust.

Useless creeds, forms and symbols with dogmas we bury;
Whited sepulchres open, the angels walk in;
No longer is hidden the curse of the millions,
Edicts go forth, revolutions begin;
Old parties shall fold their cloaks as worn garments,
They served their purpose; we put them away;
Heaven, earth and hell are astir, each proclaiming,
"The crisis has come, the great Judgment Day."

There are calm, brave souls that have steered thro' the breakers,
Their night has been chilly, dreary and long;
Unfaltering now they press toward the Kingdom,
By experience, purer, through suffering, strong.
No more doubt, no more fear, henceforth shall enslave them;
The law in their spirit, the record must be;
At every step they will loosen some fetter,
Till they stand in the Kingdom, glorified, free.

IT WAS ONLY ONE WORD.

It was only *one* word, and yet sadly we parted—
Since then, life has been to me one shaded dream;
He left me in anger, and I, too proud hearted—
To ask his forgiveness for a word that had seemed
To be uttered by me as but in half earnest—
O, why could I not my passion have tamed,
And heard from his lips the sweetest of blessings
Such as love like his alone could have framed?

It was only *one* word, yet it parted forever—
Two hearts that had sworn to be fervent and true;
That had nursed the sweet flowers of friendship together,
Until to love blossoms they unconsciously grew.
O, but one moment, they fell coldly blighted—
Their ashes spread over my heart like a pall;
He left me in anger, and my whole life benighted,
Just by *one little word that I would not recall.*

STRAY THOUGHTS.

There are some experiences, which, when translated into our book of life, become rare, sweet poems. Strip existence of its poetry, romance, emotion, and earth would become a mass of shapeless objects. A writer, I think it was Whittier, once said:

"All things are tuneless to his ear who feels no harmony within; how wearily the grind of toil goes on, where love is wanting; what is life without an atmosphere?"

Were it not for occasional rests from the work and tumult with the great world outside, we would never know what there is in the world of self, nor would we be able to reinforce the energies, or empower the will. It is good for us to retire within our own little world and find what we hold there. While I do not seek to live in the past, I love it, nor would I be stripped of one of its experiences. Every tear becomes a rainbow through which some blessing has shone. Every soul-pang, the throe through which a better thought has been born.

Every persecution a revelation of man's weakness and ignorance. "The grind of toil" never grows wearisome, save where nerve and brain force have been expended, and the physical demands its dues.

Since my earliest remembrance, life has had its metaphors, similes and poems; the best poems of my life have been developed amid what the world would call severe trials and great sacrifices. Sometimes the rhyming of the poems have been imperfect, their rythms irregular, yet running through every line has been a sweet strain, understood best by my own soul, yet, for the want of language, never framed into speech. Life cannot be dull when filled with Love's touching inspiration. Trouble, sickness, aye, death itself, is over-lapped by its mighty power.

"GO INTO THE HIGHWAYS AND HEDGES."

[The above subject was one of three presented for a poem by the audience assembled at Harry Hill's Theatre, N. Y. City, Sunday evening, June 20, 1874. The following, and two others were written during the delivery of Mr. Hull's discourse.]

In this world there are drearisome highways
Where the sunlight never comes down,
Where the birds never sing in the summer
And the paths are stony and brown.
On these roads by the rough rocks and brambles
There are trav'lers we seldom see,
Whose souls with the world's sin wages conflicts;
They are sisters and brothers to me.

There are hearts that are yearning and tender,
Whose pleadings we never may know;
Their burdens—oh Heaven! they are many;
They fall 'neath their crosses of woe.
They're forsaken by Church and their kindred;
Shut out from the pure and divine;
'Till at length they curse even existence;
Yet these are all fellows of mine.

I have seen some drowned in intemperance;
Others, victims of greed and lust;
Who have trammeled the wings of their genius—
In humanity lost their trust.
I have seen in their eyes the reflection
Of a light the world does not see,
And from these, the sweet breath of affection
Has often been given to me.

We know out in these "highways and hedges"
The proud and the rich seldom stray;
Their religion seeks God in grand temples,
Before costly altars they pray.
But I have heard a beautiful message,
And the angels brought it to me;
It was this: "Go thou into the hedges
And call the rejected to thee.

Go, a temple there yet must be builded,
From stones that are roughest to-day;
And the one that was long since rejected
The strongest foundation shall lay.
Go and gather them in from the highways,
There's material in waiting for thee,
Do thy work well—lay pillar on pillar
Till its top only angels can see.

NOTHING TO DO.

"Oh, dear, if I only had something to do," exclaims a poor slave of society, "there are servants to do the work in the kitchen, needle women to make our clothing, nurses to care for the children; I am tired of drawing and music, visiting is stale; I want to do some great deed, become famous and worshiped by the world, oh, if I only *could*, I would make any sacrifice, I would"—

Hold on, Miss Flora McFlimsey, is it the want of something to do that causes your face to wear that look of impatience, your voice to assume a whine and your feet to drag listlessly over the carpet? Is it because you have nothing to do that you sit languidly in dressing-gown and slippers from the breakfast until the dinner hour, wishing some one would run in and gossip with you, "just to kill time?" Let's see if I can relieve you.

Do you remember the little boy who asked Biddy for bread yesterday—the poor fellow whom you suffered to be turned away, because you had "no time" to listen to his story? Have you forgotten

the pale looking, delicate lady who called a few days since and solicited your aid in behalf of the sewing-girls in a certain ward in our city? Do you recollect telling her you had "no time to investigate such matters?" I wonder if you have forgotten the distressed look on the face of your wash-woman, as she turned from your home last Monday, and said: "Please, ma'am, I'm afraid I can't wash any more, I'se too sick and worn out." Biddie told us she was sick in bed since, and asked you to run over and see her, you assured her you had "no time to waste on such creatures."

Miss Flora, you are one of many thousand, who this hour are complaining they have nothing to do, yet golden opportunities are around them, as thick as the stars in the sky above them. Work comes to the energetic brain and hand unsought. The helpers of the human race, those who have earned enviable reputations, never waited for the accomplishment of some great deed. Every day brought a task to be performed. In consequence of toil, sacrifice and devotion to the interests of humanity, loving memories have reared imperishible monuments to their name. It is only the person of benumbed energies, unloving soul and indolent hands that finds nothing to do.

BY AND BYE.

We tread the way, no matter how it winds,
  Sometimes on flowers, sometimes o'er crag and
    stone;
To-day led on by hosts of flattering friends,
  To-morrow shivering in the storm alone.
Backward, nor forward, nor to either side
Can we turn ever, so the storm we bide.

Sometimes we laugh and sing our soul's deep joy,
  Content with reaping what the present gives;
Another hour, and nature wails in woe;
  In blinding tears we try to bind our sheaves;
Not knowing, caring 'mid our sob and sigh
How much, how little grain we're storing by.

What though to-day, life's current flows,
  And health is bounding in each tiny vein?
To-morrow I may droop, and ah! who knows
  But I may writhe within the pangs of pain?
Or cold and still in death's cold arms may lie,
For all this waits me in the By and Bye.

What does it matter? If the path I've trod
Leads toward the Infinite, I know 'tis well;
I will not question the Eternal Good
That crowns the future, though I walk in hell.
The prison, rack, the smile, the tear, the sigh,
Are only steps to the By and Bye.

INSCRIBED TO MY MOTHER.

[Written a short time after the departure of my father to the spirit world.]

There are angels hovering round you,
Every hour of grief to bless;
Whispering words of peace and comfort
Soothing with love's tenderness.
Gentle hands reach down to aid you,
Striving e'er to smooth the way.
Voices often to you whisper
Though you know not what they say.

When the day is done, sweet mother,
And the world is lulled to rest,
Gilded clouds grow grey with twilight,
And float down the purple west;

Then it is fond memories gather,
In your heart they sadly fall,
And your eyes oft turn tear-moistened
To the picture on the wall.

Where the soul that gave the beauty
And the life, to that dear face,
Mirroring forth the sweet expressions
That to-day we love to trace?
Where the spirit that spoke to us
Through the lips, the eyes, the brow?
Tell me, mother, is the picture
All that we can cherish now?

Nay, he is not dead, dear mother,
All that loved us loves us still;
Life is hallowed by his presence;
'Mid our sorrow let us feel
That his strong arm is about us,
That his care is still our own;
That the mystic world of spirit
Is as but one step beyond.

GRAMMAR LESSONS.

Last evening we sat in the soft moonbeams,
And looked into each other's eyes;
The breeze was ne'er more bewitchingly sweet
Nor the stars more bright in the skies.
Brown were the dear eyes that looked into mine
So loving, so fond and tender;
Don't blame me, how could I ever "decline"
"Kiss," of the "masculine gender?"

He first "conjugated," the verb "to love,"
But it ne'er sounded the same before;
And he asked me to say the self-same words
And he gave me the lesson once more.
If I had been silent, only a dunce
In grammar, I would have been proved;
I was bound to be an apt scholar once,
And I answered, "first person," "I love."

He next plucked a rose from a dew-wet bush,
With a manly and most modest grace,
He asked while pinning it on to my dress,

Something about the "possessive case."
Without giving me time to say one word,
(Of course, just his learning to prove),
He gave an example, 'twas simply this:
"Possessive case," darling, is "my love."

It is strange I never had learned before
How close grammar and love were blended;
But oh, do not think the lesson was o'er
Or the "conjugations" all ended.
"It is not a 'singular case,'" he said,
"And my words I can readily prove,"
And leaning more closely his royal head,
Said, "my dear, in the plural, 'we love.'"

We next tried the pronouns, but strange to say,
They would all run to "you," and to "your,"
Or to "me" and "mine," and no other way.
But of one thing we were quite sure
That we each grew happier all the while;
(I confess without compunction),
We've mastered the other lesson so well,
That the *next* will be in "conjunction."

MOODY AND FALLEN WOMEN.

I have just returned from the Tabernacle, where I have been to hear Mr. Moody preach and Mr. Sankey sing. The building was not crowded, yet there was an audience of several thousand. If the canting harangue to which I listened is a specimen of Mr. Moody's preaching, it is surprising that such immense audiences flock to hear him day and night. For half an hour he rattled on, never lowering his voice, not once coming to a full stop (until at the end of his talk), nor did he attempt to make an argument. His remarks were based upon the text: "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever." He endeavored to convince the people that everybody wanted to shine. From the congressman down to the smallest school-boy, this desire, he said, was manifested. He then proceeded, in his way, to tell people how they could shine—shine in the "Lord's Kingdom." I do not remember as he endeavored

to convince his hearers that it was possible to shine in the human Kingdom.

He said he was gratified that certain ladies of his congregation had succeeded in their effort to raise "fallen women." As a proof of this, some of that class had been induced to come to his meetings. I thought, when he made that statement, I would like to know how many women his cause would keep from falling. I don't remember as he said anything about fallen men. Just a few words concerning his work in that direction. In order to illustrate the point I desire to make, I will relate a case that has recently come under my notice. It is that of a young woman in this city, who, last summer, was abandoned by her husband, and thrown upon the charities of the world, with only twenty-seven cents in money. The parties are church-members. The husband works for Uncle Sam in the Post Office Department. Since that time, the wife has endeavored in divers ways to induce him to return, or amicably settle matters. She has written him (I have a copy of one of the letters in my possession), interviewed his employers, implored the church to intercede in her behalf, but to no purpose. Finally as a last resort, she wrote to Mr. Moody, stating her condition, and requested his prayers, also the prayers of the Christian Church. She wrote:

"I was abandoned by my husband last July, without provocation; was cast upon the world with a shattered mind and body, almost penniless. I am a member of the Christian Church; will you give the matter consideration?"

This lady's pastor had previously been importuned to assist her, but he had no time to look after the affair, and Mr. Moody (though his custom was to publicly acknowledge letters from parties desiring his prayers, etc.) never acknowledged this poor woman's letter. To whom should she go and unbosom her trouble? Some one had spoken kindly of Moses and Mattie Hull to her. Strange to say she called at our residence and requested an interview with the Spiritualist preachers. Of course, we could do nothing but afford her a little relief temporarily.

What right had Mr. Moody to claim he was making an effort to aid unfortunate women, when he turned a deaf ear to the prayers of a deserted wife, and a Christian? He claimed that he was saving prostitutes; how did he know but that the woman who begged his prayers was on the road to prostitution? Why did he not send some Angel of Mercy after her, and throw around her the protecting arms of the Church? Fortunately, a kind friend sometime afterward provided her with employment.

Mr. Moody said with much emphasis: "I rejoice that Christian ladies are laboring to save the pros-

titutes." I would inquire, what sort of "ladies" are they who go after prostitutes—I mean those to whom he referred. He spoke of Commodore Vanderbilt's widow as being interested in that work. He said she was a "praying woman;" that I do not deny, but it was currently reported that she would not marry Mr. Vanderbilt until he gave her in her own right and title, *one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.* For this sum, she promised to be his legal mistress as long as he lived—aye, she *sold herself* as much as any prostitute ever did; so does any woman who barters her womanhood for gold, no matter whether for a life-time or one day. What difference is there, morally speaking, between the one who sells herself for thousands of dollars for life, or for five dollars per night?

No, no; Mr. Moody is not ridding the world of prostitution. He, with thousands of others, may continue to preach against it. Prostitution is the right bower of legal marriage. The world can only be redeemed from this and every other sin, by education. When the people shall have grown wise enough to make just laws, whereby woman will be emancipated from every form of slavery, she will no longer feel compelled to barter her sex, in or out of marriage, and prostitution, legal and illegal, will be abolished.

WHO CARES?

What though my aching form more weary grows?
And burdens pile around my tangled way;
My poor brain reels, its pain, alas, who knows
Or cares for shades that cloud the busy day?
No one to weave for me one little thread
Within the web whose lines so tangled seem;
So I work on, tired hands and throbbing head;
Who cares for aught my *inner* soul may dream?

I see beyond, the eternal sunlit hills;
Amid the din I hear a voice betimes,
That strives my deeper sense of life to thrill,
And out of discord weave a strain divine.
But almost deaf and dumb and spirit blind
I move amid the turmoil of the day;
Who cares for dream, or thought, or song of mine,
While in the valley as a slave I pray?

O fate! O destiny, if thus it be,
That binds the spirit in this cruel way;
Why fetter pinions when they would be free?

Or chain to circumstances as to-day?
But not alone the wine-press do I tread,
I *feel* from other souls unuttered prayers;
Life's sweet hopes mangled in the strife for bread;
'Twill soon be over, and alas! who cares?

A PRAYER.

Let there be many windows to my soul
Where Heaven's inspiration may come in;
And may it rise to grasp the highest thought
That I can use, to make my life more wise,
More beneficial to my fellow man.
O, may the truth in plainest spoken word
Be given to me, no matter where it wounds;
May I grow strong to utter everywhere
The deep convictions of an honest mind.
And if men hearing, cannot understand,
But seek to rend me for my simple speech,
May I stand firm, for malice cannot harm
Where truth and virtue hold their iron shield.
O, I would know the cause of direst wrongs

That wring and torture hearts of noble men;
I fain would learn to medicine sick souls,
And give them joy and hope and everlasting peace.
I'd strive to teach a better brotherhood
Than ever church promulgated on earth;
And then the envy, malice, cruel spite and lies
That rears partition walls 'twixt man and man,
Would be forever leveled; give me light,
No matter where it leads, and I will walk;
Give me wisdom, I will heed its ways;
And when life's story shall at length be told,
The angel, counting failures, will, I trust,
Render the judgment, not what was achieved,
But what *I strove 'mid trials e'er to do.*

SPIRITUALISM.

Wherever Spiritualism has gone, it has carried light and progression. It has spanned the river of Death—bridged it with magnetic love-chains. In the place of faith, it has put knowledge. The tiny rap, the moving of ponderous substances without visible contact, the mechanical writing, unconscious trance and inspirational powers of the human soul, have each, in their turn, baffled the scientist and taken their place in the world to accomplish their own work.

Spiritualism not only came to inaugurate a mighty work, but the angels have determined it shall be accomplished. For this reason it has attacked popular errors. Its first aim, after having demonstrated the fact of man's future life, was to expose the superstitions in religions, and uncover the iniquities of the church. Let present public sentiment decide how well this work has been done. Free Religious Societies, Radical Clubs and Lyceums, Psychical Research Organizations, and multi-

tudinous other bodies, have been formed, to promulgate advanced thought and investigate the occult in nature; these are the out-growths of the heresies that Spiritualism has carried into the evangelical orders.

The leaders in these various societies may not all embrace the Spiritualistic theory, that, under proper conditions, those whom the world calls dead, can return and communicate, but our system of ethics has generally been accepted by Liberalists. All are agreed that church rule and priest worship will never rid humanity of its ills, or produce order out of chaos in the social world. They are conscious that moral corruption can never be wiped out by the "Moral Reform Societies," or checked by the prison-pens or the gallows.

Spiritualism has steadily gained in influence; it has continually flashed thoughts to the world, whose illuminations have penetrated the grim walls of the church, and the exposures of hypocritical priesthood, have been like the uncapping of a volcano.

When first we listened to the angelic chorus as it floated down to earth:

"We come, we come from our Spirit Home,"

we were spell-bound. We gazed no longer into a dark and uncertain future. Death had lost its sting; the voices of our loved ones were heard from over the mystic way; nearer and nearer they came to us, un-

til they floated like waves of music-tide over our interior lives. "Beautiful! Beautiful!" we exclaimed, as we looked through the gates ajar and caught glimpses of the Spirit Land. Who among the early converts does not remember how we hung upon the words of inspired media? It was indeed a blessed knowledge that we were surrounded by fathers, mothers and friends whom we had mourned as dead, and we set ourselves to work in order to convince the world of this fact. We could afford to be ridiculed; the new revelation was all in all to us.

By and bye the door of the spirit-world was thrown wide open. Not only our friends returned, but those from every grade and condition in life came back, earnestly pleading that something might be done to stay the terrible tide upon which, they,—poor, helpless victims, had been launched into the other world. Those who had been thieves, robbers, drunkards, prostitutes and misers, presented themselves before the bar of the world for a hearing, and demanded that we not only make an effort to help them rise, but investigate the cause of their conditions. This could not be done without invading Church and State; when the veils were pulled aside, all manner of uncleanliness was exposed. Do you wonder the people stood aghast and exclaimed: "Spiritualism will ruin the world!" Spiritualism said: "Let the masks fall; if there are no uncomely sights

behind them, the world will not be shocked; if there are, Spiritualism did not put them there, nor is it any more to blame for what is discovered than is the sun for the exposure of ugly sights that are hidden under the black wing of night."

It is fast being demonstrated that Spiritualism has no side issues, and that no Spiritualist can be faithful to his or her charge in this age of revolution, who remains content with simply its phenomena.

It has been said of my companion and myself, that we have switched off the track of Spiritualism and gathered up so many subjects foreign to the question, that, as Spiritualists, we have lost our identity.

We have been taught by our spirit friends that their philosophy is all-embracing; that it is impossible for human beings to be so low in the scale of life that Spiritualism, with its long, strong arms, may not reach them; that there is no stream of vice or crime so black, that it may not be penetrated by this wonderful power, no ulcer on the heart of society that its keen lancet may not probe. It knows no high, no low, no good, no evil, in the absolute, but recognizes everything that exists as true to the conditions that produced it. The work of Spiritualism in the line of reform is to study and remove the cause of crime, and instead of condemning criminals, strike at the cause that made them such, and

doctor and care for them as a mother would sickly children. There are many in the ranks of Spiritualism, who long since became dissatisfied with the work of merely painting visions of the Spirit Home. The songs of the "Summer Land" fell jarringly upon their ears, while so many of earth's pilgrims were treading a Winter Land, rarely, if ever, feeling the warmth of even an Indian Summer in their souls. The bright imaginings of the "Golden Shore" faded from their view, as they found themselves standing face to face with grim realities. Involuntarily their souls *would* pray: "O, ye ascended ones, what of the night? Do ye keep guard upon the watch-tower over there? What signals do you see? Can you aid us in our struggle for better things?" In answer came this message: "The brave souls that have battled for freedom in all ages live to-day; they live for a purpose. Cast aside the picture of winged angels that exist only in the imagination. Your spirit guides are not supernatural or transcendental beings, who have no sympathy with the common people. We can see more deeply than you, and we come, pledged to use every effort in behalf of humanity's weal. Behold the wrecks of human lives piled up as light-houses all along the past, caused by false systems and despotic laws. You pray, 'how long must these things continue?' We answer, until the pulpit is leveled to the pew; until the serv-

ant can walk abreast with his master; until right makes might in the battle of life, and justice becomes the rule of men."

The one who has tasted the sweets of spirit communion, recognized their spirit-friends and shaken hands with them across the dark abyss, holds in keeping a treasure whose price is above rubies, one which he would not exchange for all the mines in the world. We long since abandoned the song: "Lay thy Cross at Jesus' Feet." The angels have put firmness in our hearts and strength in our hands. In the light of the new gospel many of us have seen our crosses slowly transformed to anchors, with which to make steadfast our loftiest aspirations.

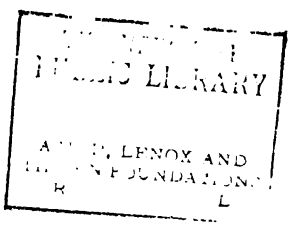
Spiritualism has not only put a new religious element into our lives and enlightened us with profound philosophy, but it has brought "healing on its wings." The blind have been made to see, the deaf to hear, the lame to walk, and many a new form of disease that has baffled the skill of the "regulars," has been diagnosed and successfully treated by the uneducated clairvoyant.

Spiritualism has gone on with its work in spite of the efforts made by persecution and prosecution to check its course. It has answered the needs of humanity as no other religion has ever done. It has responded to the deepest longings of the soul.

As a system of morality, Spiritualism is the most

rational theory that has ever been handed to the world. It teaches that we must take the consequence of every act—that we can never find heaven when hell is within us. If we would live in a world of melodies, we must cultivate music in our own souls.

Spiritualism teaches that death puts no pause in our existence—that we enter the other world as we leave this, and that eternal progress is the destiny of every soul.


LIBRARY
LENOX AND

Among the Foot Hills,
Moses Hull

HIS SHADOW.

My book without thee ne'er would be complete,
Dear shadow of my hero's earnest face!
Were I to search Love's sweet and mystic lore
For language meet to symbolize my thoughts
I could not tell how much his life had been
To me, for near a score of golden years.
Dear picture! I can read upon thy face
The deep drawn lines, burned by suffering's fire;
Time has touched thee with its mellowing shades,
And weaves a silvery crown around thy brow;
Yes, he has changed, dear shadow; but his years
Put a kinglier presence on his form
And set upon his loyal, manly soul
Many a new grace.
How tenderly doth beam the earnest eyes,
Dear eyes! that oft I've seen with pity wet;
Eyes that I have seen grow radiant as stars
With inspiration of a kindling thought
That fired his lips, and lit his cheek and brow,
Until his voice seemed to reveal God's thought,
And brought a benediction down to earth.

I'm counted poor in wealth of worldly things,
But knowing that I hold within my heart one gem—
Love's priceless jewel, I should be content;
It pierces all my soul with quickening light
And bears me heavenward.

Dear picture! O, so true to life thou seem'st,
I fancy I can read a secret thought;
I know if thou could'st speak that thou would'st say:
"I'm glad to have a place within your book—
Your little book that into being sprang
'Mid clouds and sunshine.
He whom I shadow here, has cheered you on
And tried to make your inspiration seem
A feast of holy things; by night, by day,
His word of cheer has fallen; his soul love
And hope for poor humanity, with yours,
Goes out in thought, on every humble page
As one, you syllable each kindly word,
For this, my place is given."

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

In the light of new thought, old creeds are abolished, old systems swept away, and old institutions left to crumble and to fall into the inevitable pit, that is ever yawning to receive the old.

In all of this evolution, nothing is lost. The genius that created, creates still. Human culture, or spirit unfoldment, builds according to the new, no matter how much it may antagonize the old.

The workmanship of the old masters may become extinct; it is said, that Greek sculpture has nearly melted away as though it had been carved out of ice, or built up of snow, yet who shall say, that the immortal spirit that conceived the design of the Greek sculpturing, beheld every model, before the chisel touched the rough marble, does not build upon its magnificent dreams to-day as in past ages?

New races people the continents. Not only does the new race come with a new body and a new brain but with new thoughts, new spiritual perceptions, and the new wisdom eclipses the old. From a phys-

ical standpoint, we say, the new race feeds on the decomposition of the one that preceded it; hence, every people is better than the preceding one, and humanity, with all of its frailties, presents a better race than ever walked the earth before, and promises that the one to follow shall be better than the present, because the new builds on the old, and the grander light of each age makes a better condition for the coming age.

The radical spirit hails the new, the conservative clings to the old; yet each is necessary and must be recognized. As the centripetal and centrifugal forces in Nature hold in poise the planetary systems, so radicalism and conservatism hold in balance the forces in society, and each is necessary to the world in its onward march toward civilization.

FAMILY MEETING.

[Written on the occasion of the family re-union of Samuel Copeland, which took place in Stoddard, N. H., Sept. 9, 1875.]

'Mid the hills of old New Hampshire,
In the land where lived the farmers,
Stands a fair, time-honored mansion,
Bounded by the waving corn-fields,
Rustic gardens and green meadows,
While afar the stately forests,
"Green in summer, white in winter,"
Chant their melancholy music
To the wood-birds and the squirrels.
In this spot, away from city
And the din of worldly bustle,
Lives an ag'd sire with his daughter—
Lives a man they christened Samuel
Of the goodly tribe of Copeland.

In life's early, sweetest spring-time,
To his home he took a maiden—
Took a helpmeet and companion—

One to love and labor with him—
And they dwelt for years together
In the farm-house, each contented,
And they multiplied and prospered,
'Till around the hearth of Samuel
There had played, and there had prattled
Happy children—ten in number.

Death, with pale and icy fingers,
To the home of Samuel beckoned,
'Till the flock was well divided.
Five loved children, with their mother,
Followed o'er the silent waters
To the land of the Hereafter.
Five live to toil in earth-life—
Five to love and bless their father.
Time sped on while other changes
Came to Samuel and the homestead.
Olden ties were torn asunder
While the home-spot was forsaken,
And he journeyed to the farm-house—
Home of Hulda S., his daughter.
And she blesses him with kindness,
Giving unto him her right arm—
Ministers in joy and sorrow.

Samuel's children had been scattered—
Some gone eastward, and some westward—

Lived in homes of their own making;
But their hearts beat warm and tender
Toward the one who gave them being;
So they met in kindly council,
Saying one unto the other,
"Inasmuch as he, our father,
Soon will count another birthday,
Let us meet and give him feasting—
Meet in family re-union.
Let his children bring their children."
Came they with their great grandchildren,
Making glad his heart with welcome—
Making the old farm-house merry
With the laugh and play of children,
As was his home in the old-time.

On the ninth of fair September,
When the fields were in their glory,
When the shadows of the forest,
And the sunshine in the meadow
Were bewitching in their softness,
When in paths along the woodland
Hung the luscious ripened berries,
And the country lanes were charming
With the tufts of grayish mosses,
Then the guests in love assembled;
Busy hands, with boughs of greenwood
Twined a bower of rustic beauty,

"That the time might pass more gayly,"
And the young folks be contented.

Pleasant was the day of feasting,
Happy was the celebration,
And the heart of Father Samuel
Danced in joy at love's sweet measure;
Children flitted through the doorway
While the voices of grandchildren,
Prattling of great grandchildren,
Fell in mirthful tones about him—
Revived visions of the old-time.
Deft and nimble were the fingers
That spread out the board for feasting;
Samuel sat down to it smiling,
There amid his own assembled,
While above his head some dear hand
Hung a beautiful inscription
Honoring him, the aged father.
When the day of mirth was over
Eve stole on with quiet coolness,
Then the guests from town and village
Spoke, methinks, something on this wise:

"We are going now, our father,
To the homes that do await us,
To the duties that may meet us;
We must leave you here, behind us,
But our love shall linger with you.

May no fear ever molest you,
May no harm ever come to you,
And no want of food or shelter
In the home of your loved daughter;
And we hope another twelve month
May bring more as sweet re-unions.
In the meantime, may the angels
Bless you, and the pure, great spirits
Keep you; farewell now, our father,
We will each now homeward journey,
All to meet in the Hereafter."

MALE AND FEMALE PRISONS.

I have just laid down a recent number of the Boston "Sunday Herald" which contains a lengthy article on a plan of a prison for women, now in contemplation in the commonwealth of Massachusetts:

"How best to unite the features of punishment for crime, the reforming of the criminal, and such a routine of daily life as would be compatible with these objects and the preservation of health, and an elevation instead of a depression of morals, is the problem upon which able and intelligent minds have long worked, without ever yet arriving at a satisfactory solution. But upon one point all are agreed; the buildings in which prisoners are confined must be of a kind which shall by their construction favor the administration of systems which have this end in view. And it is come to be generally acknowledged that without this desideration, no great measure of success need be looked for."

This is good; we should rejoice that even at this late day, the officials of different States are becoming convinced that no reform can be effected by physical suffering or torture. This is truly a humane consideration, when we realize how miserable are the dens, in which criminals have been incarcerated, and at last turned out wrecked in mind and body. In reading the article I find many good suggestions

and some correspondingly bad ones. The writer says, concerning the "position of female convicts":

"In our places of confinement for criminals, or even those suspected of crime, it is frequently found that male and female transgressors are huddled under the same roof, guarded by the same officers, receiving the same treatment, subject to the same regulations, and cared for by the same superintendents. Often it has appeared that frequent contact between male and female prisoners was not an uncommon thing, and morals, health, and present well-being, have suffered severely from this state of things. A step toward reform, or rather, mitigation, was taken in this matter, when institutions were established by private enterprise, in the State, which took charge of the criminal woman upon the expiration of her term of penal service, and endeavored to supply that encouragement to future virtue, and that reform in morals, which the punishing institutions had utterly failed to notice."

First, I would inquire, why should not men be treated as humanely as women? The public declares that "female virtue should be protected," but we seldom hear anything said about male virtue. Female purity is guarded (?) by churches and institutions, but who presumes to give dissertations on *male* purity? Girls are nursed, petted and flattered; boys taught that they are "coarse and rough" from their earliest remembrance. When a young girl departs from society's rules, the same society says of her, "poor thing! she was led astray, ensnared, seduced." When arraigned in a Police Court for misdemeanor, the girl receives the sympathy of kind-hearted men (some judges have souls), while the boys may be sent in droves to the Island with little

or no pity, and often taunted with the words, "You young rascals, the prison is none too bad for you."

No one has deplored the condition of prisons and the surroundings of criminals, more than myself. I once visited a number of these institutions in the vicinity of Boston. I noticed that no efforts in regard to classifying was made in these prisons. Sweet-faced girls were grouped with old women, whose faces bore unmistakable traces of a profligate life. Interesting looking lads, sentenced probably for some petty offence, were compelled to associate with gray-haired, lecherous sinners. I am glad that at last, somebody has conceived the idea of classifying criminals according to the gravity of their crimes, though this reform is extended only to one sex. If this plan works as anticipated, I trust the same regulation may be carried to the male prisons.

One objection, and to me it seems a serious one, is that the sexes are to be entirely separated. It has been proved that schools, colleges, and all kinds of public gatherings, are morally more healthful, more inclined to improvement, and far more "virtuous," when the sexes are associated, than otherwise. But says one: "It is not safe for criminals to associate in that way." Physically speaking, whatever will promote health, will act as a preventive of disease. Morally considered, whatever will conduce to the morals and education of persons out of

prison, will work favorably with prison convicts. The writer of the article under review says:

"You remember that it has often appeared that frequent contact between male and female prisoners was not an uncommon thing, and morals, health, and present well-being, have suffered severely from this state of things."

Very likely this is true; but is the prison the *only* place, where such contact sometimes breeds disorder? How about hotels, boarding-houses and even churches? I once heard of a case where a prayerful sexton was on very intimate terms with the organist, another man's wife, and their weekly trysting place was the holy (?) church. I have heard of revered clergymen breeding disorder in domestic relations, but who would be foolish enough to oppose the sexes from "huddling under one roof" in a church? Many a guilty, hypocritical soul looks out from under a "virtuous" mask. All the difference between many of the criminals in prison, and those outside, is this; one class is caught in its gaming, the other is not.

Does it follow that because men and women have erred and fallen, they cannot be congregated under the same roof without becoming lewd and lascivious? Some of the most lawless men on earth would yield their lives to protect woman's honor.

I can conceive the idea of a home for those poor unfortunates, where a reformatory system of living

could be inaugurated, where women and men could work, eat, attend meetings together, and order at the same time be maintained. I have visited chapels in prisons, where curtains divided them into two sections, one for women, the other for men. Such an arrangement is unnatural, and an insult to humanity. Wherever the sexes are associated in work, or in public gatherings, there is more interest, more devotion and earnestness, less prying curiosity, less secret vice, consequently, less disease.

When *one* prison in our nation can be turned into a reformatory home, where the criminals can be treated as though they were morally insane, idiotic or sick, then we will have done more for our poor criminals than all the chaplains are doing, or can do in the miserably kept institutions, called prisons, where human nature is so distrusted that a partition wall, or curtain must hang in the place where God's agent is supposed to officiate, in order to keep men and women from debasing each other.

AT THE PLAY.

The footlights gleamed in their splendor,
The orchestra sent forth its strains;
The music rich and entrancing
Met applause again and again.
At length the bell rang the signal,
The curtain arose, and the scene
Of forest, river and mountain
Were bright as a young poet's dream.

In trooped the light-hearted maidens
And their sweet-hearts, a happy throng;
'Twas a festive day in a village,
Morning came with dancing and song.
A feast was spread for a stranger,
He had left those haunts when a boy,
He would come with wealth and honor
And a bride, hence every one's joy.

The songs were charmingly rendered,
The plain and soul-stirring words
Thrilled hearts of thousands of listeners

Like the notes of spring's merry birds.
"Home, Sweet Home," the dear old-times song,
Trilled out on the echoing air—
Eyes that looked cold and unfeeling
Unconsciously dropped a tear.

The feast was ready; a love-bower
Was built of roses and vines
Beneath a bell of bright silver,
That would ring out the wedding chimes;
The hero in brilliant costume
Attired for his wedding day
'Mid cheers approached to the foot-lights,
But his face was ashen as clay.

He stammered returns to greetings;
He blundered through simple lines;
Reelingly walked to the rose-bower,
And fell by the fragrant shrine.
Then groans and thousands of hisses
From the auditorium rose;
He failed to rise, and muttered,
"The play must come to a close."

He was borne away 'mid jeerings
Of anger and harsh contempt;
"*He's drunk*," was the hasty verdict;
A friend to the green-room went;

He searched for the fatal wine-cup,
But found on his table instead
A telegram—only this message,
"Come home, your poor wife is dead."

QUESTIONING.

The beautiful moon, like a sacred queen,
Smiles down on the world from her realms serene;
And shimmering clouds, like silvery wings,
Drop low o'er the groves where the whip-poor-will sings.
And the stars like millions of tapers burn
In the deep, blue vault, and the low, soft moan
Of the gentle wind, is an anthem-song,
Whose waves over rose leaves are swept along.

Does the music that vibrates on this world's shore
Bear echoes of voices we hear no more?
Out of the vast and unknown deep
Does Heaven's murmuring music creep?
Is this melody such as spirits hear
When the shore of its native land draws near?
Then it must be peacefully lulled to rest
When it homeward hies to its loved and blest.

OURSELVES.

We may sometimes think we understand ourselves, that we have scaled the heights and fathomed the depths of our own souls; but there is always an "inner room" that we never enter, a "hidden spring" that no divining rod has ever discovered to us; always an unknown, an unanalyzable. No one knows his or her possibilities, because step by step we are measured. We sometimes congratulate ourselves that we have mastered some general law, but presently it discloses some other, so-called, general law. There is no outside or inside wall, or bound, to our spirit. Nor do we know the latent powers that slumber in its depths.

To-day we may be captivated with a charming poem, or delighted with a magnificent musical composition, and under their influence our soul rises and expands as never before. At length the muffled strings within our being begin to respond, and in its new growth, it speaks and sings to a listening world.

We accept a newly discovered truth, and it be-

comes all in all to us. In time, we learn that our truth is "a wheel within a wheel," and although we thought we had circumscribed our sphere by a magic circle, lo, and behold! some other, draws a larger, and so on *ad infinitum.*

The best result of our to-day's thought, will, in the future, be included in the larger and deeper, and more, the thought of to-morrow, may come with power to upheave all the convictions we have to-day, and marshal us into better intelligence than could possibly come with the old thought. All men and women may not be thinkers, but they suggest thought, and sooner or later, each soul will pass into the magic circle of evolution; it may be ages before some souls awaken to a conciousness of this fact, but it is the destiny in the grand order of things.

The spiritually unfolding man or woman, knows there are no limits to the soul's powers. When we appeal at last to ourselves—our souls—we learn that we are a bundle of mysteries—aye, of contradictions. Our moods are varied, and belie each other. This moment I can write, think, talk freely on the subjects presented to me; I see no reason why I should not have the power to-morrow, but yesterday, I lacked the inspiration of the present hour; subjects which offer so much food for thought on the present occasion, were fruitless. Perhaps

one week from this time, my eyes will fall upon these lines and I will wonder how it was I wrote as I do.

Often in our progress, we lose interest in persons who once possessed attractions for us; we scale their height, we fathom their depths; they are no longer anything *to* us, because they have nothing more *for* us; we seldom weary of growing, inspirational, versatile people. They are capable of giving us a fresh thought, a new impetus or inspiration when we meet them. There are philosophic laws, underlying all this, and if we are true to ourselves, we must obey them, though often in so doing, we are judged fickle and unkind.

Sometimes we are almost as gods; we question the very air; truth, love, wisdom respond; from whence? from spirit.

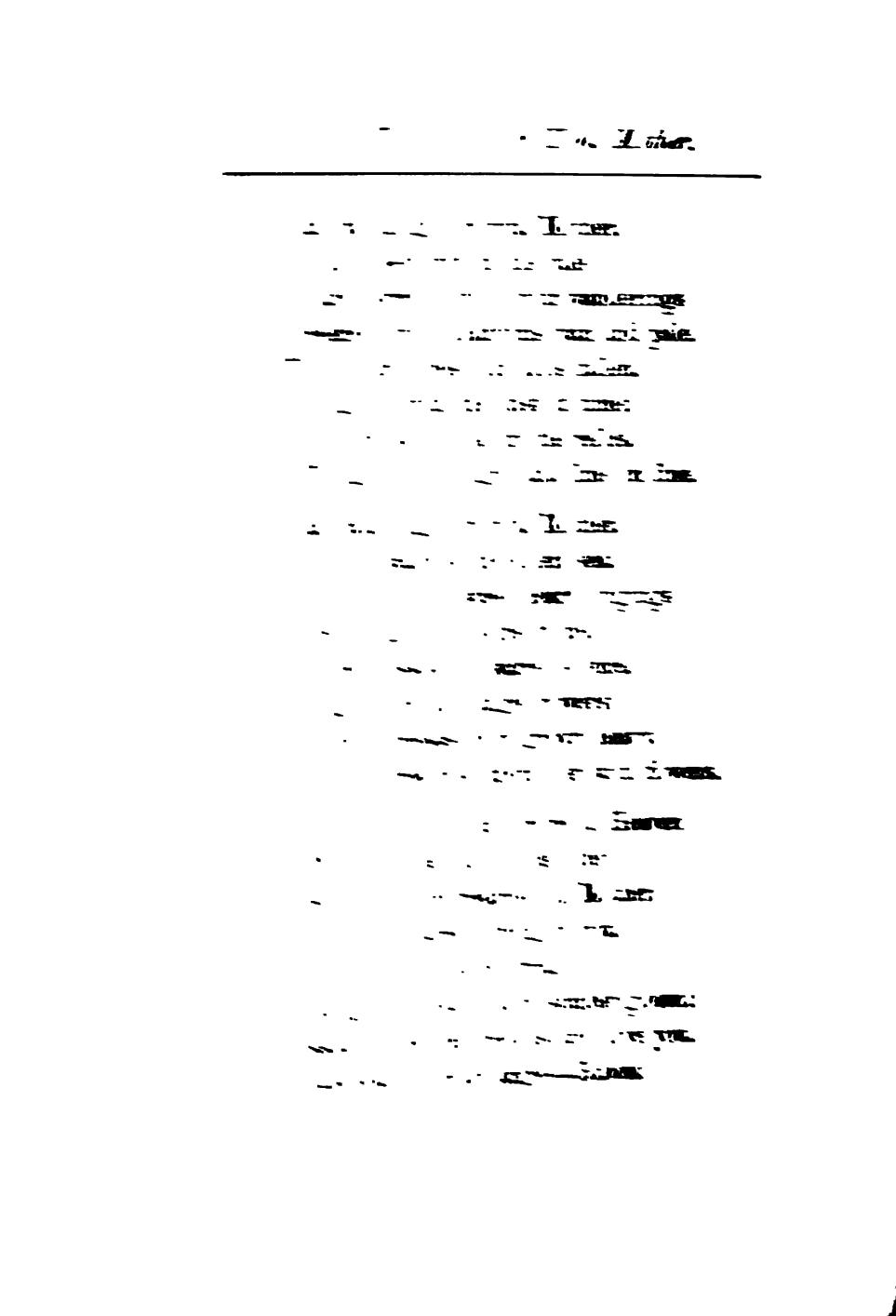
Let us endeavor to hold all that we gain, and in every flight of the spirit, endeavor to soar above our last height.

I AM WATCHING O'ER YOU, MOTHER.

[The following poem was written by request, and "Bloom" was the spirit name of the young lady by whom the words were supposed to have been inspired. The writer knew nothing of the significance of the name at the time it was written.]

I am watching o'er you, Mother,
Looking from the gates ajar;
Oh, how oft you feel my presence,
As the gleaming of a star,
Lighting skies that would be dreary,
Strewing flowers along your way,
Whispering in your ear my message,
Though you know not what I say.

I am watching o'er you, Mother,
Oft at morning's earliest blush;
Gliding softly, when you know not,
In the twilight's pensive hush.
In your nightly dreams I fold you
Closely to my spirit form;
And you catch the inspiration
Of my soul-life, fresh and warm.



SPIRITUALISTS AND MEDIUMS.

Would it not be refreshing, if we could feel less of the influence of *ism*, *ite* and *ist?* Those of our own faith are not exempt from it. There are many in our own ranks, who have simply transferred their sectarianism from the church, to Spiritualism; who have given up their belief in a personal God, and atoning savior, only to accept the *ipse dixit* of some spirit or Spiritualist, as infallible; such ones do not reason, do not progress. They see no need of Spiritualist or Liberal organizations, of lectures or camp-meetings. If the spirit-world has anything for them, it will hand it down to them in their own home. *Their* guide never leads them wrong; *their* inspiration is always unerring, and because they are fed, they are satisfied, and deem it a waste of time and means to make any effort to enlighten the public. Their little candle is hid under a peck measure, and they are something like the Christian who prayed:

"O God, bless me and my wife,
My son John and his wife,
Us four and no more."

There is another class among us, who consider that lecturers and mediums should give their time to the cause, inasmuch as the "gift" has been vouchsafed to them. Particularly, are mediums looked upon as being mercenary. Of course, I do not dispute but there are cases where exorbitant charges are made for sittings and seances, but while there are some—a very few, comparatively speaking—who have accumulated property through their mediumship, think of the thousands who have yielded their life, to satisfy the demands of humanity, and left to their children the only legacy an honest pauper can leave. Think of the broken-down constitutions, that are struggling in the great battle for bread, that should be tenderly cared for by those who have been benefited through the life they have given; what has the return been? In addition to all this, they are held up by our opponents as the representatives of Spiritualism—particularly mediumship, and pointed at as "nervous wrecks, all the work of Spiritualism." And alas! too many of our own people withdraw from such, because they are "worn out" and can serve them no longer. Is it mediumship that enervates the man or the woman, or is it a continuous strain on the spiritual, mental and physical, caused by circumstances over which the medium had no control, and under which he or she was *compelled* to perform the amount of labor

other people do, and practice their powers besides, as the people from time to time might demand.

The better the mediums, the more susceptible they are, and the more easily they are affected by surroundings. The more they mingle with the multitude, the greater the draft upon them, and unless they can have time for rest and recuperation, they must fail physically. I have often heard the query, "If a medium gives his time to the work, ought not the spirits to take care of him?" Let me ask, why we should make so many more demands of spirits on the other side than on this side of life? But no spirit anywhere, can get outside of spiritual law. I hold that we, as mortals, may reach that point, where we may heal ourselves, to a great extent, where we may recuperate wonderfully, but *we must have our conditions.*

I trust my reader will not think I am grumbling, I am only writing what every one who has considered these things knows to be true. It is claimed by some that mediums should not go to campmeetings with the idea of making money out of Spiritualists. Such ones do not consider that mediums have their expenses to meet the same as every one else. A great number of them while at home, give half of their time to the public; they are even criticised for doing this. It is said of them, "they are not sharp;" "they know nothing about business;"

but when a poor, soul-stricken person approaches them, and some one of their dear departed comes into the atmosphere of the medium and holds them for one or two hours, and the one who receives the ministration says to the medium, "I can't pay you," what is to be done? Do not accuse the spirits of being unjust; If you or I were denizens of the spirit-world, and our love for friends was so strong it attracted them to certain media whom we could use, if we were able to stretch the magnetic wires over the silent river, and across it flash the evidence of our existence—of our love, would we take into consideration, the medium's strength and time? I think not. Remember such ones are returning constantly. Some must be sacrificed; if we have no means with which to help such, let us put no barriers in their way, and encourage them all as far as they can bless a single mortal.

A HOME CALL.

The days are lonely since thou went'st away,
The silent nights, they creep too slowly on;
'Mid brightest scenes my heart cannot be gay,
A sigh wells up with every once sweet song;
Joy went with thee,
And I repiningly
E'er call, Come Home.

Mine eyes are eager for thy cheerful face;
Hope-dreams are dancing on my fevered brain;
I long to welcome in Home's sacred place
Thy manly presence; do I call in vain?
With thy return
The hearth will burn
More bright; Come Home.

Our little boy! the love pledge of our lives,
Lisps every morning, "When will papa come?"
At even-tide e'er closes his brown eyes,
He sings, "I'll see dear papa in the morn."
Joy went with thee,
And thus, unitedly,
We call, Come Home.

GIVE US LIGHT.

Spiritualism has accomplished much in the way of convincing the world of immortality; it has flashed golden truths from its heaven-lit altar fires; it has changed the mode of thinking among philosophers, and caused the churches to remodel their creeds; it has not only bound up broken hearts, but medicined to sick and weary bodies; it has been a reformatory agent and a teacher, but O, how much mystery, after all, lies behind its simplest manifestation.

How *far* has it pushed back the curtain from the shore that borders the land of the Unknown? We declare our loved are with us; how few of us see them come or go; those who are favored with clairvoyance and clairaudience, tell us little, comparatively, of the Spirit Land.

Many of us feel the sweet breezes of inspiration steal over our souls—inspiration that awakens the deepest there is within us, and by our intuitions, we are convinced that the spirit world is a reality, but who among us can convince another; *i. e.*, who

of us has ever been able to present positive proof to a skeptic? I would not be misunderstood; that phenomena occur, no one can reasonably deny; that it occurs independent of so-called mundane influence, many skeptics concede, yet there is an unknown side after all, which even the medium and the most zealous Spiritualist does not comprehend.

We are told that babyhood unfolds into childhood, childhood develops to youth, and youth to man and womanhood in the spirit-world. Of what are their bodies made? and are they governed by the same code of spiritual laws that control our spirits while in the body?

It was once the universal belief among Spiritualists, that spiritual beings never needed rest, that their powers were inexhaustible. This idea, in the light of more modern inspiration, is outgrown. If, as we are told, they pass into the other world as they leave this, they are finite in their development. If they were fully unfolded in all of their capabilities, possibly they would never demand absolute rest, because, owing to the versatility of their powers, one part of their nature might rest while the other was active. Indeed, we have seen a very few persons who seemed almost tireless, requiring but little absolute rest in inactivity, able to recuperate lost energy, by bringing different organs of the brain, and muscles of the body into play; in fact, have found

absolute rest by changing from one occupation to another. Such individuals are always nervous, active and versatile.

Concerning the many manifestations in Spiritualism and our delight in them, there is always an unknown, hence, a dark side. For instance; we often censure persons for what we term, their ignorant skepticism and unbelief; they attend seances for materialization, see the forms under the most satisfactory test conditions, do not question the medium's honesty, but doubt the claim that is made for the manifestations. You and I, dear reader, may *know* they are spiritual materializations, but is there any power by which we may convince another, of what seems so clear in our own mind? We may endeavor to give a treatise on "Spirit Chemistry," but even then, do we carry conviction to a mind that reasons from the material side of life? Can we demonstrate our position by actual knowledge?

Thousands have witnessed wonderful slate-writing manifestations (to my mind this phase is one of the most convincing), under conditions that preclude all idea of fraud, still do not believe the power to be super-mundane. Skeptics are interested in this phase of mediumship; and in the communications they receive, they get the names of departed friends, test after test, and hundreds of words written in a few seconds' time, without any visible hands

coming in contact with the slates, and with every precaution that the slates should be free from all chemicals, yet with all of this result, the skeptic, in most instances, does not believe his friend dictated the message; not because he believes the medium to be dishonest, but the *unknown* side is presented to him; he asks, "*How* is it done?" we answer, it is either produced chemically, or electrically; our answer ends there; the interrogator puts a question under our last answer; we can only say, "we don't know; our physical senses cannot be made to comprehend the work of spirit."

Various phases of mental phenomena are being presented to the world, and these phases are probably developing more rapidly, than any other in mediumship. One of the recent developments, psychometry, was formerly believed to be a purely spiritual influence; at present, it is an open question whether this is true, or is it the unfoldment of some occult power in the psychometrist? May there not be some power in the earth-bound soul, whereby it may be projected (turned outward), and take cognizance of "the soul of things" in persons, and places?

The clairvoyant (clear seer) need not necessarily be under the control of some other spirit, to delineate character, describe places, or locate disease. We possess spirit; we *are* spirit; we are learning that there is a psychic world within us; may we not,

as spiritual beings, feel our way to the spirit forces in Nature, and wrest millions of secrets from her great soul; who shall tell us, who *can* tell us, where the dividing line between our soul and some other may be drawn? Who can tell us what belongs to the spiritual and what to the so-called material world? I apprehend when we shall have reduced all substance to its last analysis, we shall be compelled to say, *all reality is soul.*

We claim that Spiritualism has revealed wonderful things concerning the spirit, or "Summer Land." Let us not deceive ourselves, we know but little. We believe it is not far off, but how meagre is our actual knowledge concerning it; we have endeavored to reach it through gross materiality, and call again and again for manifestations that appeal to the senses alone.

O, how vast is the field before us; its extended plains are unexplored; the temple is seen in the distance; a few have reached it, but who has been admitted? Libraries are there whose endless shelves are piled with volumes, filled with Spirit-lore; laboratories are there, waiting for experimentalists in spiritual chemistry; schools are there, where the aspiring soul may receive according to its demand for wisdom and knowledge in the spiritual; how shall we reach the desired goal? How shall we receive the light by which our steps may be guided? The torch

must be lighted in our own being. The question with us should be, not, "how many marvelous things can I behold in Spiritualism?" but, "how much can I comprehend?" If Spiritualism is true, the philosophers, sages and poets are beyond us; will they come down to us, or must we reach up to them?

We know, that in many instances the occult forces of being, so grand of themselves, have been used to the detriment of their possessor, but should this weaken *our* powers, or enervate us for *our* work? We often witness grand powers, whose manifestations are unreliable, and unsafe to follow.

Reader, do not put me down as a skeptic; no, no; if I am convinced of anything, it is of the fact of immortality; I hold communion with "the so-called dead," every day of my life; I have seen them, shaken hands with them, felt their pure life surging into mine; felt the breath of holy inspiration over my soul; notwithstanding all this, I sometimes look through shadows and see so plainly the unknown side; something that never has been explained to us, something we do not comprehend. But new hopes inspire me. I fancy I can see the dawn; is it possible, in our cry for Light, to walk out into the open day? I believe it is; the unknown grows less; the darkness recedes as my spirit catches the inspiration of the hour; spirit must be touched in everything, the cause—the Alpha. I am not

content to limit myself to the realm of sensation; there is a world of causation I would explore.

Up from the heart in Nature's breast,
  Cometh a revelation new;
Borne on the pale moon's silver crest
  Twinkling in stars in Heaven's blue,
Cometh a message: "all is soul;"
  Matter shadows the *real* side.
The Great Unseen, the Living Sun
  In which the secret power doth hide,
Will stretch his bow from sphere to sphere
When "we can read our title clear."

O, Give us Light; light that shall put new courage and inspiration into our lives; light that shall illumine the within, and guide us to the beyond, while yet in the form. Give us wisdom, not only to *push back* the curtain that hangs between the two worlds, but to *raise* it, that we may see beyond, and learn more of our own possibilities.

MY BOX OF TREASURES.

Light up the lamps and draw the blinds,
  Stir the fire till it ruddy glows;
We're all alone to-night, sweet friend;
  Once on a time you did propose,
That I bring from its hiding place,
  The olden box I love so well,
The history of its trinkets trace,
  Providing you "will never tell."

First, of the box; dear me! how old
  And very quaint, it looks, no doubt;
To me, it's worth its weight in gold
  With all its treasures emptied out.
The dear, kind hands that made it, love,
  And carved my early monogram
Upon the lid, are folded now;
  For years the grass has o'er them grown.

First, underneath this dainty lid
  A paper's kept with tender care;
Within its yellow folds are hid

A tiny curl of jet black hair.
Nay, do not ask me when, or how
I came by this, 'twas a sad day
The tidings come; so long ago
The angels bore my friend away.

"And what is this?" 'Tis a tuning fork;
Such sweet duets *we* used to sing;
Here is a song he wrote for me,
There a piece of a guitar string.
I fancy in the hush of night
I hear his voice, but O, these tears!
The songs of that time seem to come
Over the plains of by-gone years.

Here are some scraps of pretty silks,
Pieces of wedding gowns, of course;
The dear old girls; where are they now?
Long since, knowledge of them I lost.
But three—and four—and five, aye, six,
I saw married so long ago;
Weddings are such delightful things,
When attended by one's first beau.

Here's a picture—an ambrotype—
Of a face once so dear to me;
Yes, we were school chums, he and I,
He went forth to the ministry.
And I—perhaps his folks were wise,
They cast a gloom o'er my young life—

I loved the youth, 'twas not the thing,
They thought, for me to be his wife.

"Is the picture all?" Bless you, no;
There're letters by the trebled score;
Bits of ribbon; *he* loved them so.
Poems he clipped, we pass them o'er.
Here is a flower he gave to me
One balmy night in leafy June,
'Twas then I learned our two young hearts
Were singing Love's delicious tune.

Here is a button, brass at that,
With the face of an eagle dim;
From the blouse of a soldier boy
Ere he marched to the battle's din.
His letters? aye, I have them all
Blotted with early woman's tears.
Yes, he came home, but, dear, has been
'Mong the arisen these many years.

Nay, do not laugh, this little card
With drawing marked, "this is a cow,"
Was scratched by a dear, baby hand—
Nearly as large as man's hands now.
I hear his sweet and rippling laugh,
"Mamma, I'se d'awn a mooly tow,
See! see! isn't my picture nice?
Mamma, I'se made it all for you."

Here is a bag the darling made
One day, when we were all alone;
He played he'd come to visit me
A lady nice, who lived in town.
Each stitch is fraught with some sweet word
Of that dear boy; I can't forget
One single, dear, bewitching way,
To me, he is a baby yet.

That little case you have, my dear,
Holds my dear mother's cherished face,
As she was in earlier years,
E'er time one bloom had yet effaced.
The golden curls are silvered now,
The eye is slowly growing dim;
Yes, she was fair, but sweeter far
Her face, than it was even then.

My treasures; there are many more;
I hear a step within the hall;
We'll put the dear, old box away,
Treasures—sweet, heart-relics all.
Then stir again the drowsy fire,
The past is gone, we'll let it go;
My darling calls, he is at the door,
Happy then, yes, and happy now

SCIENCE VS. CHRISTIANITY.

The religion of the past, does not fit the man of to-day, and the intelligent person would as soon think of wrapping himself in the swaddling clothes of his babyhood, as to even have the *appearance* of putting on the religion of fifty years ago.

Our grandmothers would have gone into convulsions, even at the mention of *revising God's word* —the Bible, but zealous Christians deemed it a wise thing to do. Since the publication of the new revision, others have thought there should be one more revision, so it will be, again and again, until sooner or later, the conclusion will be reached, that it will be much cheaper and easier to write a new one, than to attempt to mend the old ones, and less than one hundred years from now, somebody may suggest, that "it might be possible for men and women to be good people without *any* Bible." At any rate, we need no better prophecies in regard to this, than the churches are giving us.

The Church claims to have been the civilizer of the world, when in reality, it has fought every re-

form, inch by inch, endeavored to crush science, and it has always been a persecutor of liberal thought.

At one time, the church upheld slavery and opposed the Temperance movement. History bears records of terrible church persecutions of scientists and inventors.

Christianity can never reform the world. The gist of the whole system is, that the most wretched, miserable *debauchee* that crawls on this earth, may, by a twist of the theological wrist, receive a passport into a world of happiness, on the merits of a pure, guileless being, who never committed a sin, never breathed an impure thought, or cherished an unkind feeling. In other words, "Jesus paid it all." Such a theory is damaging. In the first place, it is based on injustice, and in the second, it takes away all individual responsibility, and when humanity is robbed of its responsibility, it is robbed of its dignity. The doctrine of "pardon of sin," has been a curse to the human race.

We cannot proceed very far in the investigation of social or moral science, without discovering how utterly absurd, is the doctrine of total depravity, even from the Christian's standpoint. A good church-member said to me a short time since, "the idea of total depravity is not generally accepted now." Very good; if this is true, why not remodel the creeds, instead of inviting persons to subscribe

o any article of faith to which the better judgment gives the lie?

Science has for many years, been delving under the surface of things, endeavoring to get at the causes of human suffering and weakness. She acknowledges the terrible results that are apparent on every hand, and reveals the fact, that under the ebb and flow of the mighty tide of circumstances, every soul, every brain, every body, no matter how low in the scale of development, is true to the condition in which it lives. We may censure, we may condemn, aye, and we may pity, but Science does not hold in its vast vocabulary, the term, "Total Depravity." What bigoted Churchanity labels "depravity," will, by a more enlightened people, be called, deformity. A deformity entailed by bad surroundings before birth, incorrect training, and a false system of education. The time will surely come, when we shall see in the most debauched and wretched creature on earth, naught but sickly and unbalanced human nature.

The world has furnished innumerable instances that this doctrine is true. Who ever knew an individual who had grown to manhood or womanhood, who never had cherished *one* good thought, or done *one* good deed? How many instances have occurred, when "the worst man in the community," so-called, has done a heroic deed, as in times of

conflagrations, floods, or other calamities, where a human life was imperiled. That one deed has sometimes caused an entire community to bow in admiration, and extend homage to the supposed depraved man.

Some of America's and England's best poets, painters and musicians, have been given to dissipation and vice, destitute of all moral principle; yet at times, they have written, painted and sung, as though they were under the inspiration of a God. Their spiritual and mental being, seemed sometimes wrapped in a spell; while in this condition, they have dried the tears of anguish, healed the broken-hearted, and seemingly, united man to all the beautiful in Nature. The genius of these masters gave them the power to bind and sweep the earth, span its waters, and touch the stars. But when this power had passed over them, how the world has mourned the fact that the man—the *real* man was so morally deformed; poor, immature human nature! An enlightened humanity will say, "let us solve the mystery that enshrouds thy being; let us appeal to the better qualities of thy soul, and strive with love, not pity, justice, not charity, to inspire thee with a thought that shall command thy best powers, and marshal into activity the *good*, and not its opposite, within thee.

Gradually, will the world forsake the Bible as a

moral, as, long since, it forsook it as an intellectual guide. We would laugh at the one who would seek to instruct us in these days of science and philosophy, that a God literally spoke in the thunder, or spent his wrath in the lightning; that disease, misfortune and calamities, were the inflictions of God in consequence of his displeasure, over some foolish saying, or unwise act of ours. We would consider the individual a fool, who argued the world was flat because the Bible refers to the "four corners of the earth." No intelligent minister attempts to prove the wisdom of God by referring to the story of creation as recorded in Genesis, yet all of these ideas were commonly accepted before Science proved them to be untrue.

With all of the Bibles, what knowledge had we of this vast universe, until the torch of Science was lighted, and we, by that light, went down into the caverns—into the heart of our earth-mother, and wrested millions of secrets from her keeping? How patiently Science has drilled the mighty boulders in river and on mountain, to learn when, and how, and of what they were made. In response to every blow of the hammer, how eloquent was the preaching of the rocks and stones; they handed out *solid* facts, but they were contradictory to some of the statements of the Bible. The keen eye of Science discerned the curious hieroglyphics carved on the

forest trees, and revelations were made, contradictory to the statements of Moses; they were found to be older, by thousands of years, than the earth was supposed to have been. Science turned the telescope toward the clouds; new planets were discovered, worlds peeped over worlds, and we have learned, that our earth, compared with other planets, is as a speck in the universe of worlds.

We had been taught that the flowers and forest leaves had been painted by the invisible fingers of an Almighty Father to charm the eye of man; that the earth had put forth bud and blossom, in order to make it a beautiful place in which to live. Science gave us the revelation that the orange, blue and red, of the flowers, and green, of the leaves, all depended on the play of the sunbeams.

We are becoming more and more convinced, that the beauty of our earth, once attributed to the personal supervision of a God, is the result of chemical action, in the great laboratory of Nature. As we come to this knowledge, we must lose our veneration for much that was once believed to be the especial handiwork of a God.

The Bible is no longer received by the masses as an intellectual guide; just as truly as we have departed from it in one respect, so shall we in others, as we become philosophers.

The philosophy of reform is a great subject; as we

go into its investigation, we learn that the attitude of the Christian Church toward so-called sinners is entirely wrong. Churches are organized throughout the land; Evangelical Alliances and Institutes meet from time to time, in great conventions; for what? to devise ways and means by which humanity may be uplifted from its present degradation? to work out some practical method, whereby the hungry may be fed, the naked clothed, the homeless sheltered, and the laboring masses receive justice at the hands of their oppressors? Do the Christian leaders make an effort to know why it is that so frequently the school-rooms and dormitories in houses of correction, can hardly furnish accommodations for the children who are condemned to these places? Do they put forth efforts to ameliorate the condition of those who live in sqalid want, in the miserable dens in tenement rows in our large cities? No; the old theme of "Christ and him crucified," is ever brought forward, and Jesus, discussed as a means of salvation. Great Heavens! think of reforming a hungry, homeless, heart-sick, sin-sick world on any such plan as these high-salaried, well-kept Christian ministers propose! No, no! their system has no soul in it—nothing to serve as an impetus for man to *serve man;* the poor wretches are admonished to work on, to labor for "Christ's sake," and "the glory shall be given to God."

The intelligent reformer, knows he might as well read the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments to a herd of cattle as to a crowd of half-fed, half-clothed men and women, whose moral senses have been benumbed by frequent contact with vice and crime, or whose brains are paralyzed by tobacco and whisky. The true reformer knows there never can be diviner service rendered than that rendered from man to man. "The world is his country, his religion to do good." The true philosopher never asks God to do for any human being, what he can do for him, through his own exertions.

Science never seeks to *punish* a criminal, but to search out the *cause* of crime; it then, with rational methods, seeks to remedy and establish conditions where criminals cannot exist; aye, *cannot be born;* a large percentage of criminals are born, not *made* after their advent into this world. The deadly upas tree can never be killed by plucking off its leaves; the axe must be lain at its root, and every condition destroyed, for the uprising of a single branch.

When we go into the realm of science as students, we must prepare to meet facts as they are. Beautiful theories cannot destroy a fact, no matter how homely that fact may be.

It is not in the province of this essay, to go into a discussion on the law of heredity, but physicians

and philosophers are giving the world a vast amount of useful information on this topic. Everybody who has given serious thought to this subject knows that consumption, scrofula, cancer and multitudinous forms of disease, are, through ignorance, handed down from generation to generation. The time is coming, when we will be compelled to admit that murder, kleptomaniacy, and other crimes, besides millions of vices, are inherited. Then we shall have as much compassion for the criminal as we have now for the consumptive. When we shall, as a people, come to this understanding, we will erect more asylums and fewer prisons; and inaugurate a system of reform to take the place of punishment.

Christianity, with all its temperance organizations and alliances, formed to put down intoxication, will never accomplish the desired end. In some instances, through compulsory methods, intemperance may be held in check, but such measures do not inaugurate reforms. There can be no such thing as a *compelled virtue.* In a community of truly temperance people, whisky barrels might stand on every street corner, and a "free drink" be offered anybody that desired, and yet never a drop would be tasted. It is the test of virtue that develops character. The individual who is truthful, because he loves the truth, and does right because he loves the right, is virtuous.

Bibles cannot accomplish the work of the world's reformation; precepts will fail. Nothing but education, will awaken in the human race a consciousness of dignity. I trust in the upward tendencies of humanity; in its struggle for freedom and light; its honest endeavors will eventually lead to wisdom, hope, moral exertion; hence, to elevation.

OCTOBER.

October is gilding the mountain-tops,
Her hectic flush rests on the plain;
The forests are wonderfully solemn now,
The streamlets sing a mournful strain.
The shadows fall deeper in wooded paths,
The grasses are yielding their emerald hue;
A few sweet flowers in the sheltered walks
Look wistfully up, as if they knew
That soon bright October's frosty breath
Would leave on their petals the kiss of Death.

Why is it that sadness lingers o'er all
The beautiful earth, in the Autumn-time?
And why are the songs the poet sings,
Minor strains, with a sweet, sad rhyme?
Why is it that Memory folds more close
Beautiful dreams that hope forsook?
Pressed to our heart as faded flowers
Are cherished within some treasured book;
We feel some loss, in a subtle way,
In the flush of a bright, October day.

SORROW.

Sorrow is godlike; sorrow is grand;
It unbinds the spirit with wonderful hand.
In the greatest of souls it seeks for a home,
And the crown of all crowns was plaited of thorns.

Sorrow deals tenderly—never in vain;
Works out its blessings in tears and in pain;
'Tis the magical billow on which the heart rolls,
'Tis the test of all truths and the searcher of souls.

Sorrow uncovers what once was concealed;
Mystery on mystery is kindly revealed,
'Till the soul no longer a prisoner is bound.
It wakes! a new earth and new heaven are found.

How close the soul's walls! how narrow the way!
How weak are its pinions! till at length, day by day,
They widen and lengthen and tremble with power,
Then, unfledged, with new life, they heavenward soar.

Behind every note of a beautiful song—
No matter how joyous the words or the tone—

Are the relative minors; and whenever they fall
On the fine, cultured ear, they are sweetest of all.

O Sorrow, sweet angel, I know thou wilt bless;
I know thy keen blows all mean tenderness.
I will not approach thee with dread, slavish fear!
For what are the natures that ne'er suffered here?

PLAIN TRUTHS.

Is there a greater curse resting over our country at the present time, than that of indolent, idle tyranny, and heart-aching, back-breaking labor?

It has been said that men make God after their own image; if that is true, I fancy there have been times, when, if a God could have been sculptured out by our American people, and given a name, as well as a form, some curious looking specimen would have been drawn up, representing closely an armed Rogue, and might have been christened the, "Divinity of Politics." I know of no other God that wields so much power in our land to-day, save the Mammon God.

Between the two old parties, there seems but little choice. Neither, will work a reform in government. Old parties never have, never will.

Ours is called a civilized nation; civilized! think of it! It sanctions war and commits murder; it supports an army of drilled fighting men, and has colleges for the training of young men who desire to become skilled in murder.

Has it not always been an armed battery? Has not its voice in controversies been the reports of cannons? Has not its force been the bayonet?

Christianity thunders from the pulpit, "Thou shalt not kill," but, notwithstanding this injunction, nearly every state in the Union demands blood for blood.

It is not only considered immoral, but criminal, to knock a man down, but a policeman, sheriff, or military officer can do it with impunity.

"Thou shalt not steal," says Christianity again; yet our government legalizes the monopolistic, railroad, land and other steals. The boy who has not the means to buy his supper, steals a loaf of bread, and is arrested; the man who steals a million is honored. All moral law must seek to stimulate moral actions, and moral actions must always be the -outworking of moral qualities, either in an individual, or a community.

In these days of agitation. when the working

classes are virtually enslaved all over the country, when the wealth of the nation is passing into the hands of the few, when lovely farms, that have been tilled by some of the noblest sons of toil are passing into the hands of speculators, when monopoly's iron grasp is upon every productive enterprise in the country, when men aspire to national offices, merely for the "spoils" and power, then when we consider that it is almost impossible for honest men to be elected to seats in the state or national assemblies, the outlook is truly discouraging.

GLOAMING FANCIES.

The gorgeous dyes of the sunset
Have faded, and somber shades
Fall quietly over the hill-tops,
And nestle in woodland glades.
I sit in the gloaming half-dreaming,
From the book of memory gleaning
Beautiful, golden leaflets
Of which the volume is made.

As I turn the mystic pages,
And I trace them o'er and o'er,
I find names of many a dear one
Who long since passed on before.
I know in bright homes they are dwelling,
But my tears from love's fount are welling
Love that never knows changing,
Fain would their presence restore.

I fancy amid the shadows
The loved of the olden time
Are haunting my quiet study
With their music and their rhyme.

'Tis the hour of my soul's devotion,
And it thrills with a strange emotion;
I seem to hear faint whispers
In answer to thoughts of mine.

Aye, I know the dear departed
Return at the gloaming hour;
And strive with tender influence
To impart a holy power;
And infil my being with gladness
Removing all traces of sadness,
Bringing a word of wisdom
From the super-mundane shore.

IF I SHOULD DIE.

If I should die,
Many an one a tender word would say—
Words my poor spirit would so love to-day,
Foes would turn friends and e'en true homage pay.
Were I to die.

If I should die,
The little good I've done would shine more bright,
Faults be buried in oblivion's night,
And praise, not blame, would seek to make all right,
Were I to die.

If I should die,
Kind friends with flowers my coffin would adorn,
Place sweetest roses on my senseless form,
And kindly press my hands while tears fell down,
Were I to die.

Friends, do not wait
'Till frozen are my heart's now aching cords,
To utter loving, sweet and tender words;

And if ye have some precious flowers to give,
I would have some of them while yet I live;
O, do not wait, my foes until I die
To put my faults and all your harshness by.

THOUGHTLESSNESS.

My heart is tender and sore to-night,
All day it has beaten back the tears;
My day has been full of duties rife,
But my soul has been with by-gone years.
And dear, the words that you only dropped
In a careless way, have hurt me so;
'Tis better, perchance; they've probed the fount
And let the burning tear-drops flow.

How strange are our moods, our thoughts and dreams;
We exult on mountain tops to-day;
Ere another morn bursts with its beams,
At the fount of the mount in tears we pray.
O, happy the one who reads the page—
The hidden page in the inner heart;
And smother thought ere it touch the lips,
Or add to pain one single smart.

LABOR AND WAIT.

O, say not this world is a desert,
Devoid of all beautiful things;
We crush flowers beneath every footstep,
And ever some sweet birdling sings.
Trust not to games of the chances,
They delude the small and the great;
The soul that sublimely advances
Must learn to labor and wait.

O, say not the fruit is all bitter
That grows on the fair tree of life;
We quaff not its soul quickening nectar
When living 'mid envy and strife.
We grope in a blinded condition
And sigh for a more perfect state;
Right effort will bring a fruition,
Then learn to labor and wait.

Already the bountiful harvest,
Is waiting the reaper's strong hand;
But he who goes forth must in patience
The sheaves for the granary bind.

Go forward and take the sharp sickle
Of Truth, and trust never to fate;
The earth will sure yield its rich bounties;
O, learn but to labor and wait.

Weep not by the graves on the hill-side,
The home of thy loved is not there;
Their feet have in silence ascended
Heaven's archway by Death's golden stair;
And often they come with a message,
So near the Beautiful Gate;
It opes not yet still they are faithful,
And for thee will labor and wait.

Could'st thou know the many dear faces
That look through the shadows to thee;
Or count the manifold graces
That ripple to waves on Life's sea;
No longer with sadness and weeping
Would'st thou bow to mortal estate;
Thy soul with a holy watch keeping
Would yet learn to labor and wait.

SCULPTURING.

What design, dear friend, shall we sculpture
From the block we hold in our hand?
We each have the chisel and hammer,
Is our model ugly or grand?
Shall we cut away the unsightly,
All the malice, envy and pride?
And every trace of ill temper,
In this way shall the chisel be tried?
It may hurt, may ruthlessly wound us,
The chips be blood-stained when they fall,
In order to make smooth the carvings
The chisel must pass over all.

Some sculpture a beautiful image
When viewed in one angle alone,
But the work is far from the perfect,
When models of manhood are shown.
There're half-sculptured men by the millions,
In the galleries of life they stand,
But few are the tireless sculptors
Who chisel the rounded man.

IN THE PAST.

This morning I picked up a paper
  Printed ever so long ago;
A rhyming I sent to its columns
  (One that I scarcely would know)
Looked at me from the time-worn journal,
  And it bore me back to the time
When my soul seemed engulfed 'mid breakers,
  And I wove my grief into rhyme.

Can it be that such strange, weird fancies
  Ever found a home in my breast?
I wrote here about "idle chances,"
  And "unanswered the soul's request;"
I here penned a picture "of demons"
  That constantly swept o'er the scene,
I wrote something about "a mock'ry"
  And "the remnants of a sad dream."

Could this have been me? I am musing;
  I smile at the picture so grim;
Not a shade o'er my spirit doth linger,
  No regret for one broken dream.

The burden forever seems lifted,
From over my woman's soul
The shadows were long since rifted,
And the skies are glowing with gold.

I have learned in life's earnest conflicts
No blessing falls from the sky;
We drown the blossoms with tear-drops,
And smother the good with a sigh.
No demons will e'er cross our pathway
If we watch for angels alone;
And sweet or discordant, life's music
Our spirit e'er giveth the tone.

WE HEARD THE ANGELS.

[By request of many personal friends, a large number of songs, which have been sung congregationally, and as duets, in our public audiences, appear in this volume.]

In earth's prison cell alone,
Sat we 'mid the dark and gloom,
Waiting for one token of the coming day;
When a God from heaven above,
Might descend in holy love,
And roll the stone from the sepulchre away.

CHORUS.

When rap, rap, rap, we heard the angels,
Then they opened wide the door;
And they whispered words of cheer,
Bidding us no longer fear,
They would love and bless and guard us evermore.

Bolt and bar were broken then,
As we felt their power descend,
Message went from telegraphic wire to wire;

Heart and brain and pulse were thrilled
By the magic of their will,
Genius flashed with inspiration's holy fire.

CHORUS.

While rapped, rapped, rapped, the loving angels,
Standing in the open door,
Always whispering words of cheer;
Bidding us no longer fear,
Loving, blessing us and guiding evermore.

Superstition shrank away
Under Truth's effulgent ray,
Freedom burst anew upon the waiting world;
Small beginnings, yet how strong,
Faithful souls must conquer wrong,
Humble hands the beauteous flag of love unfurled.

CHORUS.

Still rapped, rapped, rapped, the loving angels,
Standing in the open door,
Always whispering words of cheer;
Bidding us no longer fear,
Loving, blessing us and guiding evermore.

So these nine and thirty years,
'Mid our smiles and 'mid our tears,
In the stillness of the night and din of day,

We have felt the angels bright,
Striving e'er to lead aright,
And to guide us in the higher, better way.

CHORUS.

Then on, on, on, forever onward,
Angels are watching by the shore,
They will lead our steps aright
Guiding e'er by day and night,
We will love them, we will trust them evermore.

DOWN BY THE SEA.

I stood 'neath the stars at midnight,
Down by the sea;
Its low and mystic murmurings,
Were sweet to me.
From its deeps rolled up an anthem
Of cords unsung;
And diviner was the music
Than lisped by tongue.

Flowers, trees and stars were preachers
While the vast shore

In eloquence responded,
Ne'er heard before;
Sermon, poem and music
From sea and sod;
Earth seemed a mighty organ—
Its artist God.

The strange, sweet inspiration
Of that lone hour,
E'er since within my being,
Has held its power.
Prating priests and costly altars
Are not for me;
'Neath the stars I learned to worship
Down by the sea.

DEATH'S STREAM BRIDGED.

Come friends and brethren, all unite,
And swell the anthem grand;
The glorious presence we invite
Of a pure and heavenly band.

CHORUS.

Oh mortals, shout aloud for joy,
Your glad hozannas sing,
The grave is robbed of victory,
And death has lost its sting.

Storm-tossed and weary ones of earth,
Behold the resplendent star,
Which lights the stream of death across,
And brings our loved ones near.

CHORUS—Oh mortals, etc.

The so-called dead have been restored,
We see them face to face,
And life triumphant swells the song
In spite of death's embrace.

SHOUT THE GLORIOUS TIDINGS.

Shout the glorious tidings, angels come to-day,
With a message for earth's weary ones;
See! the gates are open, friends are on the way,
Let us welcome them with joyful song.

CHORUS.

Angels welcome to our homes we sing,
May you hope and light and comfort bring,
Bless you sweet evangels from the other shore,
We would ask your guidance evermore.

Shout the glorious tidings, angels come to-day,
Lifting up the shadow and the gloom;
Truth, like a million torches, flashes o'er the way,
Blessed freedom to the soul has come.

CHORUS—Angels welcome, etc.

Shout the glorious tidings, angels come to-day,
Mortals swell the anthem loud and long;
Love, the grave has conquered. Death no more holds sway,
Hail the spirit's resurrection morn.

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

There's a Beautiful Land over there,
Beyond the mystical sea;
Where the dear ones await
To open the gate
When earth's voyage ended shall be.

CHORUS.

Over there, over there,
There's a Beautiful Land over there
When life's struggles are o'er, on this shadowy shore,
We shall dwell in that land over there.

There are those whom we love over there,
Who once to our earth-home were given;
Affection's dear chain
Has not severed in twain,
The clasp is guarded in Heaven.

CHORUS—Over there, etc.

One by one, dear friends cross the sea,
The boatman parts the white tide;

We see the bright gleam
From over the stream
That Death with its gloom cannot hide.

CHORUS—Over there, etc.

We shall soon reach the port over there,
We are hurrying on to the shore;
It will not be dark
When we enter the bark,
Our loved ones will pilot us o'er.

BEAUTIFUL SHORE.

Oh, have you not heard of that beautiful shore,
Just over the mystical sea;
Where the true and the loved who have gone on before,
Are waiting for you and for me?

Yes, that beautiful shore, I have seen in my dreams,
When my spirit was haunted with care;
My tired soul forgot earth's gloomiest scenes,
As I watched for the loved over there.

Sometimes the dear ones on that beautiful shore,
Breathe a message to me half divine;
I feel the warm clasp of their dear hands once more,
And their fond eyes look kindly in mine.

I know we shall meet on that beautiful shore—
The magical Isle of the blest;
The boatman will tenderly ferry us o'er,
And leave us with those we love best.

INVOCATION.

O ye angel friends above us
Gather nigh;
Ye blest and true who love us
Give reply,
To our soul's most earnest asking
For the right;
May we in thy wisdom basking
Find the light.

O, we oft grow sad while weaving
Toil and care;
'Till our words of piteous grieving
Turn to prayer;
And we long to drop life's shuttle
In the dust,
But a voice doth ever whisper,
"Wait and trust."

So we wait a little longer
For the day,

And our trembling hearts grow stronger
On the way.
We will watch Hope's star forever
In our sky,
Time shall crown our best endeavor
By and bye.

SPIRIT LIGHTS.

O, there are gleams from many a spirit lamp
That fall across the dusty roads of Time;
Sometimes they flash above the secret haunts
Where mortals think to hide a vice or crime.
In lonely cells, where mortal souls leap forth,
From bodies pining in the dungeon's gloom,
In darkest natures that may grope on earth,
These spirit lights reveal an "inner room."

There is no man on earth fallen so low
But he may break the brazen gates of sin;
No woman's soul but yet its peace may know
And ope its doors to let the sunlight in.
Not e'en one life forsaken by all good,
It may be waiting in a troubled night,
But to reveal itself, be understood
Quickened and guided by some spirit light.

SHALL I KNOW MINE OWN?

When I sit in life's beautiful sunset
As it flushes river and shore;
When I wait in the gathering twilight
For the sound of a boatman's oar,
Will the dear ones just over be waiting—
Waiting to welcome me home?
In that land of spirit and beauty,
Oh, say, shall I know mine own?

(Soprano Chorus.) | (Basso Chorus.)

Will I know? Thou shalt know,
Will I know? Thou shalt know,
When I cross the mystical sea,
Will some dear one? Yes, some dear one,
Will some dear one? Yes, some dear one,
Set the gate wide open for thee?

A dear one passed over the river,
In the hush of a summer's sweet day,
I saw not the face of the boatman
As he launched my dear one away.

But I know my darling—my angel
Lives, over the mystic sea;
Oh, say, when its waters are parted
Will he wait on the bright shore for me?

(Soprano Chorus.)

Will he wait—will he wait,
Will he wait in life's twilight for me?
Will he wait—will he wait,
Will he wait on that shore for me?

(Basso Chorus.)

Yes, thy darling will be waiting,
O'er the strange and silent river,
Waiting in life's twilight for thee,
When over soft and rippling waters,
Angels come to bear thee over,
He will wait on that bright shore for thee.